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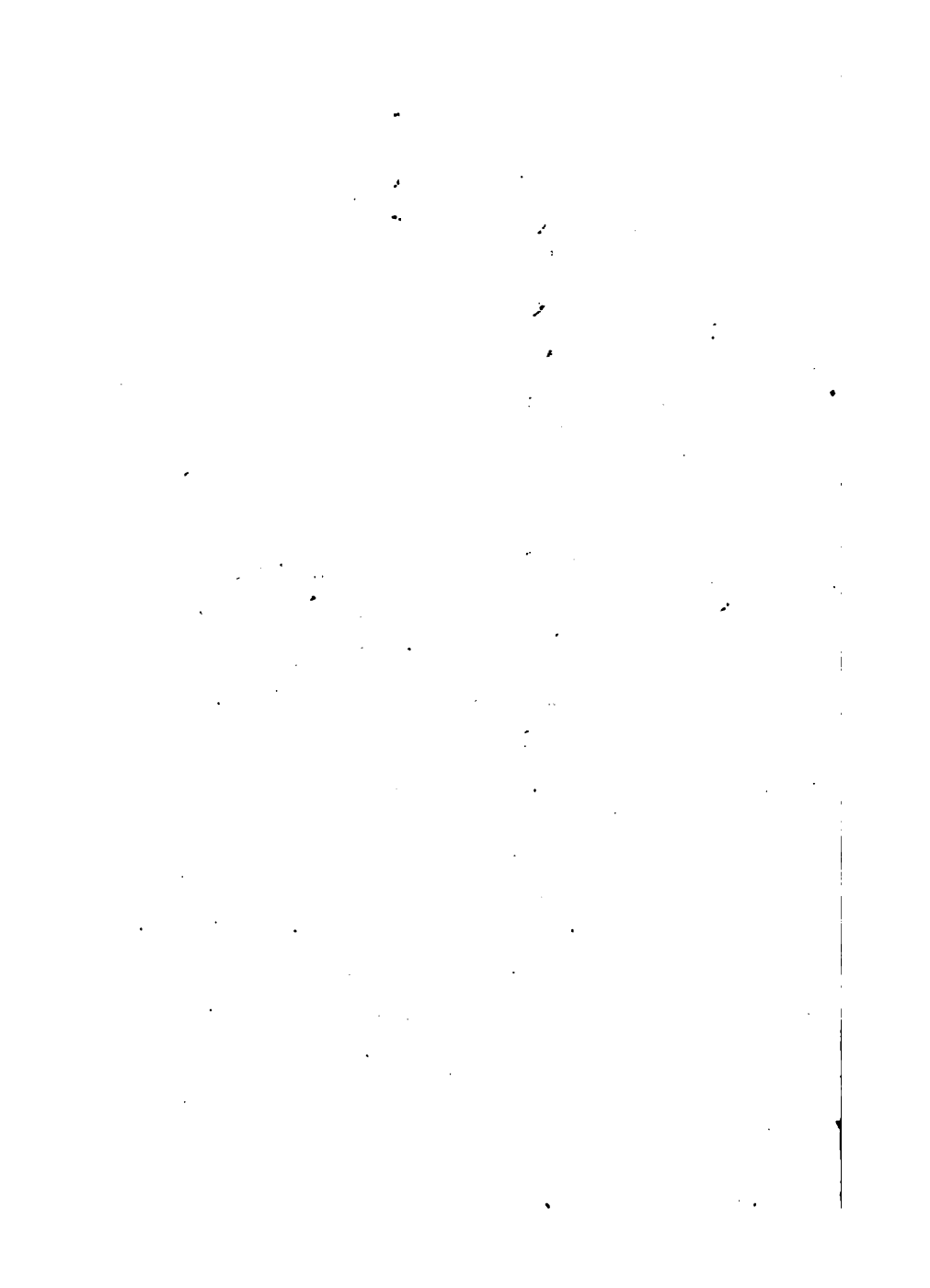
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600080488Y





IDYLLS O' HAME,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES NICHOLSON

Author of "Kilwuddie," "Willie Waugh," "Father Fernie," &c.



"To mak' a happy fireside clime
To weans an' wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
O' human life."

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TO
All Who Love
AND NEVER FORGET
THE
HOMELY JOYS
OF A SCOTTISH FIRESIDE.

P R E F A C E.

—:0:—

I DO not know whether it is so with Authors in general, but with me the most difficult part of a book to write is the preface. This I think chiefly arises from the fact that prefaces are generally expected to defend, explain, or apologise for what comes after. In the present instance, however,—beyond a word or two of an explanatory character—I will not attempt to do either, but rather leave the volume to speak for itself.

Whether or not I have done wrong in publishing, remains to be seen; no one has been consulted, nobody has advised me to do so, not even an admiring circle of friends and acquaintances! Written on the spur of the moment, as many of the pieces were, and sown broad-cast by the newspaper press, I thought no more about them till I began to find them stored up in the scrap books of parties to whom I was a perfect stranger. It was then that it struck me, that if they were thought worthy of being so treasured up, they were no less worthy of being revised and preserved in the form of a volume. And now that this has been accomplished, I have but little fear of the result, not so much from



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IDYLLS O' HAME.

—:0:—

JENNY NETTLE.

JENNY NETTLE, spinnin' tow,
A' the worl's in a low;
Tell the midges an' the flees
A' their nests are in a bleeze;
Dance, syne, like a worrikow—
Jenny Nettle, spinnin' tow.

Dancin' on the kitchen wa'
Wi' yer legs sae lang an' sma',
Hingin' half-a-yard ahin'—
Jenny, is't wi' them ye spin?
Baskin' in the sunny glow—
Jenny Nettle, spinnin' tow.

Jenny birrs, an' Jenny sings,
Jenny has twa stumpy wings,
Wi' them she mak's muckle din,
While her legs hoo fast they spin;
Neither rock nor reel, I trow,
Hae ye, Jenny, spinnin' tow.

Idylls o' Hame.

We hae twa legs, she has sax;
See what lampin' strides she tak's!
Singin' aye her ain blythe tune,
Dancin' till the day is dune;
Dae ye never weary grow,
Jenny Nettle, spinnin' tow?

Jenny, woman, but yer thin!
Like a strae yer waist's drawn in;
Dae ye no get ony meat?
If ye hae a mind to eat,
Share wi' me this butter'd row,
Jenny Nettle, spinnin' tow.

Jenny, are ye wantin' oot
'Mang the knowes to frisk aboot,
Whaur the midges mazy dance,
Clegs dart oot the fiery lance,
Flowerets wave an' burnies row?—
Jenny Nettle, spinnin' tow.

When the nicht dewes or the rain
Trickle doun the window pane,
Dinna bide oot in the chill,
Come in owre an' dance yer fill,
But beware the singen' lowe—
Jenny Nettle, spinnin' tow.

HAME IS AYE HAME.

—:0:—

O LEDDY! tak' ye back my arles, an' keep the penny fee,
Your lordly ha's an' costly braws are worthless a' to me;
To lowly puirtith I'll gae back, cauld hearth, an' empty wame—
Nae doot sic things are sair to thole, but hame is aye hame!

Your wark is licht—to mind the bairns, an' nurse the baby wee;
But oh! I'm but a bairn mysel', as ony ane may see!
The weary pain that wrings my heart, I try, but canna' tame;
Guid kens I want for naething here—but oh! it's no hame!

I ken my faither's oot o' wark, my mither's growin' frail,
My sister, toilin' for them a', droops like a lily pale;
'The youngest canna' toddle yet, an' Johnny he is lame—
I'm wae to think upon them a', but hame is aye hame!

'Twas kind o' ye to tak' me in, an' tent me wi' sic' care;
'Twas kind o' ye to ease the load the auld folk ha'e to bear.
They let me gang—'twas for the best—I ken I'm sair to blame;
For their dear sakes I fain wad bide—but oh! it's no hame!

I miss my mither's kindly look, my faither's cheerie smile,
The Bible stories frae his lips oor hardships to beguile;
I miss the voice o' psalms at e'en, I miss that sacred Name
That thrilled my heart wi' sacred joy in yonder lowly hame!

God gi'e ye health an' happy days, an' ilka thing that's
braw—

Unstinted wealth, blythe bonnie bairns, wi' servants at their
ca';

But grudge na me my humble lot, in puirtith there's nae
shame—

I'll bear it a' wi' sweet content, for hame is aye hame!

PHemie, THE FAIRY O' COMELY GREEN.

—:0:—

I LO'E the wild notes o' ilk bird on the mountain,
The sang o' the plover, the wail o' curlew,
The hymn o' the lark when like spray frae a fountain,
The music fa's down in a shower frae the blue.

I lo'e the blythe lilt o' ilk bird in our woodlands—
The merle in the gloamin', the robin at e'en;
But nane o' them a' sings sae sweet to my thinkin',
As Phemie, the fairy o' Comely Green.

She lilt it sae neatly, she warbles sae sweetly,
Ye'd think her some angel flown down frae the skies,
Sae lovin' and lo'esome, she's jist a wee blossom,
Or aiblins some fairy, wha kens! in disguise.

The words o' the sang well-up fresh frae her bosie—
That fountain o' a' that's worth winnin', I ween;
Nor proud o' her gift is that guileless wee lassie,
The sweet singin' lintie o' Comely Green.

The pride o' her minnie, her daddie's ain dearie,
Wi' five ither bairnies, nae less are they blest,
A' mensefu' an' bonnie, kin' heartit an' clever,
Yet Phemie to me is the wale o' the nest.

When ben the big room she cam' toddlin' to meet me,
A smile on her lips, but a lauch in her een,
The pawkie wee lass did sae lovingly greet me,
Thinks I, ye're a fairy, if e'er ane was seen!

It needsna that wee loof to see yon't the curtain,
Owre a' thy sweet face thy life's future I see;
It's no' that thy daddie's a laird wi' a fortune,
But jist that the angels guide bairnies like thee.

God spare thee to bless thy ain kin'-heartit minnie,
An' mak' thee like her aye the puir body's frien';
An' may thy ain bairnies, when dancin' aroun' thee,
Be like the blythe fairy o' Comely Green!

JEANIE'S SECRET;

OR, WHAUR THE WEANS COME FRAE.

"OH, Mary! I've sic news to tell!
I can hardly believe't yet mysel'—
At the deid hour o' nicht, lang afore it grew licht,
There cam' to the warl a wee wean,
A' its lane;
O there cam' to oor hoose a wee wean!

"Dae ye ken, when I heard its wee greet,
It jist min't me o' lambs when they bleat;
An', Mary, he'll be sic a brither to me,
For he'll grow up a stuffy wee man;
An' it's than
He'll stan' up for me like a man!

"It's nae bigger than your muckle doll;
And it cam' withoot claes; isn't droll?
No a shae on its feet, an' it hasna ta'en meat
Sin' the very first hour that it cam—
The wee lamb!
It's ne'er tastit a bite sin' it cam'."

"A wee wean! Jeanie Bain, did ye say?
Preserve us! an' whaur cam' it frae?
Did it come o' itsel'? did it ring the door bell?
Losh me! an' wha tell't it the road?
It's sae odd
That the wee thing should fin' oot the road."

"Hoots, Mary! is that a' ye ken?
Weans dinna come toddlin' ben;
It was Doctor M'Gouch brocht it hame in his pouch—
Brocht it hame jist to mither an' me;
But ye see
It belongs mair to mither than me."

"Without claes? Jeanie Bain, the wee dear!
Has the auld doctor grown sic a bear?
To cram in his pouch a bit wean, the auld wretch!
O it really was very ill dune—
What a sin!
I ne'er wad ha'e thocht it o' him."

"But, Mary, keep min' it's sae wee;
Oor doctor, he'd no' harm a flee,
He's sae canny an' kin'—O weel, weel I min'
Hoo the tear drappit down frae his e'e
When puir me!
Lay sae ill that a' thocht I wad dee."

“But Jeanie, lass, here is the thing—
Whaur gets he the weans hame to bring?
Dae they grow on the oaks, or come oot o' kail-stocks
As aunty has aften tauld me?
But may be,
It's only a great muckle lee.”

“Weel, Mary,—but mind—ye'll no tell?
For it cam' frae the doctor himsel'—
In a muckle kist, whilk is a' quiltit wi' silk,
They are left wi' the doctor to keep,
An' they sleep
A' day lang, an' gi'e never a cheep.

“Sic a beautifu' sicht ye ne'er saw,
For like wee waxen dolls in a raw
They lie cheek to cheek, a' sae cosie and sleek,
Till somebody wants ane awa'—
Maybe twa;
Syne the doctor jist slips ane awa.”

“Oh, Jeanie! what wad I no' gie
Sic a kistfu' o' cuddlers to see;
The wee sarkless bodies! they'll jist be like scuddies
Asleep in their warm fuggie nest,
A' at rest,
Jist like birds in a wee fuggie nest.

"Sae they dinna grow oot o' kail-stocks?
Then wha pits them intil the box?"
"Tis the angels, dear Mary! wha lovingly carry
The bonnie wee tots frae afar,
Frae some star,
Whaur the pure an' the beautifu' are."

"It's a strange tale ye tell, Jeanie Bain;
But—but what did ye gi'e for your wean?
For mither, d'ye see, has nae weans but me—
Except Jock, an' he's aff to the schule,
The big fule!
It's muckle he'll dae at a schule."

"Oor wean! it wad cost—let me see—
Far mair siller than ye ha'e to gi'e;
For auld Doctor Mac waled the best in his pack,
I'se warrant 'twad cost a poun' note,
Ilka groat;
Oh, I'm sure it wad cost a hale note."

"A poun' for a wean without claes!
My sang! weans are weans noo-a-days;
I could get a big doll, clad frae heid to the sole,
For the half o' the siller, I guess—
Aye, an' less,
An' that's no' countin' ocht on the dress.

“An’ forbye, oor doll-weans dinna greet,
An’ they leeve a’ day lang withoot meat;
They need nae new shoon, for the auld ne’er gae dune,
An’ there’s this to be said, Jeanie Bain,
It’s my ain!
An’ ye canna say that o’ *your* wean!”

“No my ain, Mary! what dae ye mean—
Will’t na lie in my bosom at e’en?
My mither, nae doot, whiles may nurs’t when I’m oot,
But wha’ll gie’t its saps, but jist me!
Sae ye see
It belongs baith to mither an’ me.

“It’s true, your doll-weans dinna greet,
No, nor lauch, nor yet waggle their feet,
An’ they canna play ‘goo!’ wi’ their wee rosy mou’,
Hum! a doll wi’ a wean to compare!
I declare!
They’re worth dolls a thousan’ an’ mair!”

· THAT BONNIE WEE COT BY THE SIDE O' THE SEA.

— :o: —

To the land o' brown heath an' blue lochan, again
I'am aff an' awa' wi' the boat an' the train;
The whistle is blawn—noo we're aff like the win'—
Auld smeekey Sanct Mungo fast leavin' behin'.

In fields roun' aboot us the wee lambies play,
The orchards are white wi' the blossoms o' May;
Yet bonnier blossoms are waitin' for me
In yon bonnie wee cot by the side o' the sea.

Thanks, thanks, Jamie Watt! for thy kettle o' steam,
Lo! yonder already, the firth's waters gleam;
There sunny Langbank, wi' the Port in our view,
An' the steamer to meet us swift cleavin' the blue.

How green are the woods, how health-laden the breeze,
How grim loom the mountains as onward we heeze;
While basking afar lie the hills in the sun
That shelter my hame on the shores o' Kilmun.

Wi' that wee cosie cot there is nane to compare:
How sweet e'en to think; O, how blest to be there!
Whaur the lassie I lo'e will be waiting for me,
In that bonnie wee cot by the side o' the sea.

I hear her blythe welcome, I see her sweet smile,
The dimples that play roun' her wee mou' the while;
Sic mutual endearments, my ain couthie dame,
Mak' Eden o' earth, an' a Heaven o' hame.

There's Nelly the mensefu', and Clara the fair,
Kind Nannie the maid, wi' her mitherly care
Owre Jamie the steerin', and Willie the wee,
In that bonnie wee cot by the side o' the sea.

Sic haudin' and drawin', sic daffin' and fun,
As they pu' me awa' frae the quay at Kilmun;
Sic findin' o' pouches, sic questions they'll spier—
Far mair than I'm able to answer, I fear.

I maun squeeze ilka haun, I maun kiss them a' roun',
In my ain cosie chair ere they let me sit down;
Syne the uncoes I'll tell ower the toast an' the tea,
In that bonnie wee cot by the side o' the sea.

The wee dancin' feet I can hear roun' my chair,
As 'mang them the toys an' the sweeties I share,
While the e'e o' the mither will chide me, I ken,
For the gear that I waste, an' the siller I spen'.

When birds hae floun hame to their nests in the wuds,
An' flowers frae the weet faulded up their wee buds,
May the angel o' rest come an' close ilka e'e,
In that bonnie wee cot by the side o' the sea!

THE LANG-HEADED LADDIE.

—:0:—

O! SAW ye oor Addie? the laithfu' wee laddie,
He hasna been hame sin' he took his drap tea
Wi' me at twal hours, noo its gaun to the gloamin'—
The lanely wee callan! O! whaur can he be?

He's no' in the loan wi' the lave, I ken brawly,
But hidin' his lane wi' some book in the shaw;
O! wae on that readin' he crams his wee heid in,
O! what's to come owre the bit laddie ava?

His books are his cronies, his playthings, and treasures,
Mair dear to his heart than a croun to a king—
The last thing at nicht, aye the first when he waukens,
Na, reads them in bed whiles, as sure's onything.

Nae don o' the college has half o' his knowledge,
His faither himsel' frae him lessons can learn;
E'en Tavish M'Donnell can scarce haud the can'le
To him, though a dominie bred sin' a bairn.

He kens a' 'bout comets, can name a' the planets,
Alike 'mang the stars an' the spheres he's at hame;
In the kingdom o' nature he kens ilka creature,
Forbye ilka kintra on earth ye can name.

Caves, castles an' dungeons, war ships and steam engines
He draws on his sclate, sic an artist is he;
Can tell, the wee wonner! the cause o' the thun'er,
And what gars the rivers rin a' to the sea.

Hoo folks in the moon wash themsel's withoot water,
Like the cats, I suppose, wi' a lick o' their paw;
Hoo stars that beam nichtly are suns that shine brightly
On warls o' their ain in deep space far awa'.

Hoo men sprang frae monkeys, and horses frae donkeys,
In ages lang prior to Adam's sad fa'—
The mule frae the mauken, the bird frae the bauken,
It's strange, yet it seems in accordance wi' law.

He kens the birth-place o' the whale an' the herrin'
The warm sunny shores whaur the swallows come frae;
Whaur beasts an' things creepin' in winter lie sleepin'—
Preserve us, the wean, what a heid he maun ha'e!

The laddie's dementit, he's never contentit
Wi' ocht that he gets till he tak's it a' doun;
He maun see in the heart o't, ilk portion an' part o't,
Till ance the hale secret be safe in his croun.

He gangs oot a fishin', but no for the pleasure
O' eatin' the fish when at e'en he comes hame;
For hours he'll examine a trout or a minnon,
An' tell ye a' 'bout the contents o' its wame.

I coft him a watch—to be sure no' a dear ane—
At least 'twad ha'e tald him the time o' the day;
But guess how I won'ert an' glourt sae dumfounert
To see't a' in bits in the muckle tea tray.

An' a' for the pleasure o' screwin't thegither,
He managed it though—be it richt, be it wrang—
But a' his endeavours 'mang pinions an' levers;
The wheels wadna mudge, nor the han's wad they gang.

His faither's auld fiddle he split up the middle
To get, as he said, at the cause o' the soun';
Sae fond o' a project, I fear it's his object,
Some day, when I'm oot, the auld clock to tak' down.

His passion for books seems a part o' his nature;
E'en when a bit bairnie he gaed to the fair,
Instead o' a cookie, he'd bring hame a bookie;
A bawbee on toffee I ne'er kent him ware.

Oor clachan librarian ance sent him carryin'
Hame a big book half the size o' himsel',
But 'stead o' affrontin', it set him a huntin'
'Mang rocks, stanes, and rubbish, for fossils pell-mell.

He kens a' about politics, baith Whig an' Tory tricks—
Deavin', he says, the hale lan' wi' their din,
The while wi' taxation they're fleecing the nation,
They're a' benefactors till ance they get in.

He kens a' that's gaun on in Paris an' Lunnon,
The chances o' war an' the state o' the fun's;
Thinks nation wi' nation should try arbitration
To settle their feuds, 'stead o' bayonets and guns.

To see him's a picture when reading the Scripture,
His shouthers bent laigh, an' his heid on his han',
His een never winkin', his wee heid thrang thinkin',
He jist wants the specs to mak' him an auld man.

Some day, says oor Dauvit, he'll don the white cravat,
An' cock up his neb wi' the lave at the schules;
But wi' a' the knowledge they get at the college,
The tae half are coofs, if no even-down fules.

The heid may be stupit, yet wag in a pu'pit,
To mak' up for gumption the louder they bawl;
The half o' oor preachin' is flytin' or fleechin'
To get at the siller instead o' the saul.

Yet Dauvit keeps yawlin' the Kirk is his callin'—
Believes in his heart he'll yet be a D.D.,
An' that a first-rater—be made Moderator,
Or aiblins the Pope o' the Free an' U.P.

O' drugs or divinity Doctor he'll never be,
But tak' o' the ship o' the State the comman';
Then wae to transgressors an' puir folks' oppressors,
Wha guzzle an' feed on the fat o' the lan'.

Sae leal an' kin' heartit, I'm mair than divertit
To hear hoo he lauchs when a thing tak's his e'e,
But, sterlin' wee fallow! a lee he'll no swallow,
And that mak's him dear to his faither an' me.

Forgi'e me, his mither, this seemin' ambition,
The hen owre her bird maun aye keckle an' craw;
Whate'er should betide him I'll tent an' weel guide him;
I'll still be his mither whatever befa'.

I lo'e him sae dearly, it puzzles me sairly
To think what the wee laddie's future may be;
But let what will happen, I think we'd best lippen
To Him wha in mercy made baith him an' me.

THE AULDFARANT LASSIE.

—:0.—

Was there e'er a wean like Effie
Kent in clachan, cot, or toun?
Sic an auld head on young shouthers
Disna wag the kintra roun'.

Gossips lauch when they forgather,
At her queer auldfarant ways;
Watty Wylie is her father—
Watty o' the Kemphill Braes.

Effie when she lost her mither,
Fand a baby brither wee:
Watty left wi' sic a han'fu',
What to dae, losh! couldna see.

First his face grew sad and thoughtfu',
Syne the tear stood in his e'e—
"Wha's to nurse thee, puir wee lammie?"
"Hoots!" quo Effie, "wha but me!"

Syne she press'd him till her bosom,
Kiss'd him owre and owre again;
"Effie's love an Hawkie's milk will
Mak' thee soon a stout wee wean."

In her tosh wee jupe an' coatie,
Sleeves row'd up an' gleg's a bee,
Ye wad tak' her for a mither,
If she wasna jist sae wee.

When in bed the lave are snorin',
Effie's up an' at the wark,
Flair a-scrubbin', luggies scourin',
Singin' like the mornin' lark.

Seldom will you see her playin'
Peeverals, or buskin' dolls;
Effie's game o' life is cleanin',
Scourin', cookin', darnin' holes;

Ba's wee brither when he's sleepy,
Soothes him in his tantrum fits,
Knittin' hose to him an' Watty
Till the latest hour she sits.

Aye the first to greet the mornin',
In the hallan first asteer;
Then her smile is like Aurora
Breakin' through the welkin' clear.

Aye the first thing when she waukens,
E're she lea' her hurley bed,
Is to clasp her han's and pray for
Blessings on wee brither's head:

Haps an' covers him wi' kisses,
Ca's him her wee faulded rose,
Syne fa's to the fire to ken'le,
Snod the hoose an' mak' the brose:

Buys in a' the week's provisions,
Smells the butter, tastes the cheese;
Wales the biggest eggs and taties,
Sauf us! but she's ill to please.

Rogues o' dealers canna cheat her,
What she pays for she maun hae;
Keeps the purse an' hains the siller,
Pays the Laird on quarter day.

Ye wad lauch to see her washin'
Hardly heicher than the bine,
Yet her claes are like a lily—
Tramps the blankets tae, ye'll min:"

Mounts upon a stool when bakin',
Syne as licht's a bird she'll flee
To the fire to turn the bannocks,
Or wee Tam tak' on her knee.

When her thochts rin on her faither,
Ploddin' weary at the wark;
In the window hings the cruizie,
Hame to guide him through the dark.

Starts up when she hears him comin',
Spreads the board wi' halesome fare,
Syne hears Tammie in his hurley
Guileless lisp his e'enin' prayer.

Wha sae trig as douce wee Effie,
When she gangs to kirk or toun,
In her best—a tartan plaidie
Spread abune a wincey gown?

Cheeks like roses, gowden ringlets
Ripplin' frae her silken snood;
Some are pleased to think they're bonnie,
But sweet Effie isna prood.

Ilk ane fa's in love wi' Effie,
Sic a prize they seldom see,
Yet sae douce they daurna whisper
Thochts o' love to ane sae wee.

Mair than wean, yet hardly woman,
Wi' nae turn for sport or play;
Folk aroun' her aften ferlie
What enjoyment she can hae.

They wha think sae o' the lassie,
Effie's nature dinna ken;
If ye want to see her happy,
Come wi' me to Kémphill Glen.

There, to her, bliss 'bune a' measure,
Is to sport beside the linn,
Whaur the burn fa's doun or dances
Ower the rocks wi' mirthfu' din,—

Whaur on bushes climbs the starwart,
Whaur the rocks, like giants stern,
Stan' before the watery mirror,
Gem'd wi' moss an' draped wi' fern.

See her yonder, the wee fairy!
As frae rock to rock she springs;
Saft the green leaves whisper round her,
Sweeter yet the mavis sings.

Watty, like a priest o' nature,
Gazes on the prospect wide,
Drinks in ilk delichtsme feature,
While the bairns he ee's wi' pride.

Effie wi' his ways familiar
Draws frae him his hamely lore,
Hears him tell a' 'bout the fossils,
Hoo they leev'd in days o' yore:

A' 'bout trees, an' ferns, an' mosses,
Eemmocks, eft-stools, birds an' bees,
Scurs an' puddocks, asks an' powheads,
Big blue bummers, wasps an' flees.

While the auld man in his glory
Weaves his witchin' spell aroun',
Like some sage in ancient story,
While the sun sinks saftly doun,

Tam o' his ain ploys grown weary,
Tak's his seat beside the lave;
But their cracks he canna fathom,
Sae concludes they only rave.

An' while thus they spend the Sunday,
Brand them sinners if ye daur!
Simple joys like these ennoble,
E'en the saunts, they might dae waur.

THE LADDIE'S EXULTATION O'ER THE FINDING O' HIS WHITTLE.*

—:O:—

My Whittle's fand, hurra! hurra!
 My Whittle, lost for mony a day;
 Sae blythe my heart I maist could sing,
 This day I'm happier than a king.
 Losh! what a dunt my bosom gied,
 When first upon the yird I spied,
 Half covered wi' the rising corn,
 Your gaucie heft o' guid deer-horn;
 I couldna been a bit mair proud,
 If I had fand a purse o' gowd:
 Guess hoo I glowr'd, sae blythe to see't,
 I scarce kent whilk, to lauch or greet.
 Come show your blade, my trusty billie,
 My king o' knives, my guid auld gully!
 Ye didna use to be sae dour,
 But ye're a' rustit to be sure;

* Sequel to Robert Leighton's quaint and beautiful poem, "The Laddie's Lamentation for the Loss o' his Whittle," for which see Appendix.

Ance ye wad open wi' a click,
But noo ye're grown as gourd's a stick,
An' when I closed ye wi' a bicker,
Your spring play'd snap like ony tricker.
An' oh! to think that ye hae lain
Hale months oot bye amang the rain:
Alane, uncar'd for, cauld, unhoos'd,
Your bonnie blade sae red wi' roost;
But for the heft I wadna kent ye,
But noo wi' lovin' care I'll tent thee;
Thy blade I'll scour, thy edge I'll cuttle,
Ance mair thou'lt be my guid auld whittle.
Brawly I ken noo hoo I lost thee,
But never thocht o't when I miss't thee:
The tailor chiel that made my breeks,
Had left a hole between the steeks
O' my richt pouch, whilk bigger grew,
Until at last ye slippet through;
Sic pranks on me he'd best no' play,
I'll let him ken—"vile jag the flea"—
That I'm no' made o' common mettle,
The loon, to gar me tine my whittle.
Puir Whittle! hoo I've mourned for thee;
I won'er if ye thocht on me?
Say did ye miss my pouch sae cosy?
Or were ye vex't that I should lose thee?

But never heed, I ha'e ye noo,
An' to ilk ither we'll be true.
While to prevent your gaun adrift,
I'll bore a hole oot through your heft,
An' through it I will put a string,
Whilk to my button hole I'll hing:
An' lest you should stravague frae hame,
Upon your heft I'll carve my name
Wi' your sharp blade—Eh! let me see—
I'm no' just sure hoo that could be.
Ha! ha! was ever heard sic blether,
Daft gowk! I'll ha'e to get some ither:
Aiblins oor Jock's—at least we'll see.
Meanwhile, auld crony, come wi' me,
Whaur crummie sticks we'll cut galore,
An' bourtree whistles by the score;
An' when the schule comes oot at noon,
Six whauken carrots we'll slice doon,
Big neeps we'll howk for Hallowe'en;
An' when the frosty winds blaw keen,
Shinties to fung the fleeing bool,
An' aiblins gar me plunk the schule.
But hark! Colquhoun an' a' the core,
Wi' them this day I'll hae a splore;
But first to schule awa' I'll scuttle,
Hurra! hurra! I've fand my Whittle.

THE AULD MUIR DYKE.

—:0:—

THE auld divot dyke at the head o' the muir,
In autumn sae broun an' in winter sae bare;
The hauns are at rest, an' the heads are no' sair,
That built the auld dyke at the head o' the muir.

Somehoo, it's green riggin for me had a charm
That naething else had on my father's bit farm,
For its fug was sae saft, an' its shelter sae lown,
Like a wee cosie hoose to my heart it had grown.

On ae side a meadow lay bonnie and green,
On the ither a sea o' red heather was seen,
Wi' strips o' green rashes that bordered the spring—
The haunt o' the bird wi' the sad-soundin' wing.*

There grew a' the wee wildin' flowers o' the year—
The speedwell, the violet, the yellow mouse-ear;
There flaunted the fox-glove, while dancin' blue-bells
Shed music unheard o'er the bonnie green fells.

* Snipe.

There beds o' wild thyme shed their sweets to the breeze,
 There was heard a' day lang the glad hum o' the bees,
 As they sipped the sweet wine o' the bedstraw and broom,
 And winded aboot in a cloud o' perfume.

There 'blackies' and 'broonies'* stored up their sweet gains
 Frae the gleg-glancin' een o' maraudin' schule weans,
 Wha cam' like wee sodgers to storm the auld dyke,
 An' delve 'mang the divots to find oot their byke.

There restless we eemmocks† crap oot an' crap in,
 And whiles the wee diels up my trousers wad rin;
 I kent they would bite if I offered to steer,
 Sae I lay like a log till o' them I gat clear.

'Twas the hame o' the foumart,‡ the haunt o' the mole,
 And there the lythe whitteret peep'd frae his hole;
 'Twas there the blue-hap cam' and biggit its nest,
 And the lang-nosed sheroo fand a bield wi' the rest.

And there the wee bird that attends the cuckoo
 Made its snug mossy nest mang the speedwells sae blue;
 There aften the yawkie§ sang 'Jingle the key,'
 At least it seemed sae to wee laddies like me.

There grew the tormentil, whase root the folks dry,
 'Twas fou as a girnle wi' arnuts forbye,
 Drap-ripe the red strawberries hang to the view,
 And there aye the biggest o' blaeberries grew.

* Wild bees. † Ants. ‡ The Pole-cat. § The Yellow-hammer.

To add to its beauty a big bush o' broom,
Spread wide its green branches a' gowden wi' bloom,
To screen frae the sun, an' protect frae the shower,
An' fend aff the blast that blew gurly an' dour.

A' the joys I then felt are yet fresh in my min'—
A legacy left frae the days o' langsyne;
When a' the day lang I was keepit oot bye,
A bare-fitted laddie a-herdin the kye.

That dyke was my kingdom —its wealth mair than goold,
An' mony and strange were the subjects I ruled,
Frae the foumart sae fierce to the eemmock sae wee,
An' oh! its wild flowers were a glory to me!

I've seen it in frost, an' I've seen it in thaw;
I've seen it when lost in the deep drifted snaw;
When croudin' for shelter cam' doun the muir sheep,
An' whiles in its lown they wad sleep their last sleep.

But what mair than a' made it hallowed to me—
'Twas there I met first wi' my bride then to be;
A bonnie blate lassie wha cam' there ae day
A-seeking twa ewes that had dauner'd astray.

O ne'er had I seen siccan maidenly grace,
Sic beauty divine never shone on a face;
Like the leme o' the lichtnin', the glance o' her e'e
Sent stounds o' delight through ilk fibre o' me.

Sne wore a grey plaidie; and had for her guide
A big touzie collie that marched by her side,
An' growl'd his distrust as she sat down by me
On the auld mossy dyke, jist to crack for a wee.

An' while 'mang the heather we sought for the ewes,
Her licht springy step hardly dimpl'd the knowes;
That nicht in the hame-gaun I felt to my cost
That in findin' her sheep my ain heart I had lost.

I wooed her an' won, but she's deid an' awa,
She left me in sorrow wi' wee lassies twa,
Noo braw strappin' kimmers wi' hames o' their ain,
Baith bonnie an' guid like the angel that's gane.

Oh! auld mossy dyke at the head o' the muir,
To dream o' thy glories aye lichtens my care;
But sune like a bird frae this worl' I maun flee
Far awa, whaur my angel is waitin' on me.

BIRDIE'S SANG.

—:0:—

SPRING had come, but carle Winter
Still kept aff the sun;
Trees were bare, the tender flowerets
Sleepin' 'neath the grun'.
A' but ane—a modest snawdrap
Like a jewel hung;
While I swither'd, laith to pu' it,
Thus a wee bird sung—
 “Aye lea' something for a brither;
 Heaven is kin' to a';
 Then, dinna pu' the bonnie blossom,
 Better let it blaw.”

When ye win a bonnie lassie,
Make her a' thy ain—
The nameless bliss first love imparts
We seldom taste again!
Constancy to ae fond dearie
Saves us mony a pang;
Ere ye think upon anither, .
Think on birdie's sang—
 “Aye lea' something,” etc.

Let us frae the han' o' Fortune
Tak' whate'er she brings;
Sweetest far o' life's enjoyment
Frae contentment springs.
What on earth mak's men so greedy—
Grasp at a' they see?
O, that they would tak' the lesson
Birdie sang to me!
"Aye lea' something," etc.

"Mind thyself" is man's commandment,
"Steek the heart to a';"
But the man o' nobler purpose
Scorns to keep sic law.
Life was gi'en for our enjoyment,
Hearts were gi'en to lo'e!
Love to link mankind thegither—
Birdie, ye sang true—
"Aye lea' something," etc.

DAFFIN' WI' THE WEANS.

—:o:—

O I'M an auld canty carle, wi' a frosty pow
Shinin' like an auld wife's rock through its truss o' tow;
Hurkle-backit, sairly rackit wi' rheumatic pains,
Still it mak's me young again when daffin' wi' the weans!

CHORUS.

Then let the wee things want fornaething, a' your gowden gains
Are only worth the fechtin' for to feed an' cleed the weans.

My guidwife is kin' to me, an' keeps a cosy fire,
The lassies bring me crummie's milk frothing frae the byre,
The doctor gi'es me drogs to ease my auld an' crazy banes,
Still the wale o' medicine is daffin' wi' the weans!

Noo winter dunners doun the lum, and decks the hills wi' snaw,
The leafy bowers an' simmer flowers are withered an' awa ;
Cauld the sleet is, hail like sweeties pelt the window panes,
But the fairest flowers to me are rosy-cheekit weans!

Sittin' owre a pint o' nappy, wi' a crony frien',
Brings the lauch to ither lips, the licht to ither een;
But the greatest and the sweetest bliss my saul obtains,
Is rantin' up an' doun the hoose wi' the winsome weans!

Spring and simmer in their turn beautify the year,
Autumn into gowden wealth turns the waving bere;
Winter, dreary, lang, an weary, hauds the yirth in chains,
But love mak's simmer a' the year—thanks be to the weans!

The angels are na far awa' when guileless bairns are near,
The mair we grow like bairns oorsels, the less we hae to fear;
Bairns aroun' us, joy within us dancing through our veins,
Mak's a heav'n o' life below—thanks be to the weans!

They say I'm growin auld an frail—totterin to the grave,
Yet ilka day I feel mair young—licht-hearted as the lave;
Death the dreary canna fear me wi' his dark domains,
For something whispers, even *there* I winna miss the weans!

THE PUIR'S-MOOSE LADDIE.

Dedicated to BAILIE WILLIAM WILSON, Chairman of Govan
Parochial Board.

IN the Gorbals o' Glasgow I first saw the licht,
It's no' that I've min', but I'm tauld it was nicht ;
Hoo blest was my minnie, hoo blythe my puir daddie,
When first to their bosoms they clasped their wee laddie.

It's lang to look back, but as far's I hae mind,
My mither was carefu', my daddie was kind ;
But the cholera cam' like a great reevin' geddie,
An' took them awa' frae their puir wee laddie.

When they spak' o' the Puir's-hoose it seemed a strange
word,

I crap oot o' sicht like a wee frichted bird ;
But wi' naething to eat, an' my claes growin' duddie,
I was glad to become a wee Puir's-hoose laddie.

Oh sad, sad at first, was the wee orphan wean,
An' saut, saut the tears that I shed when alane :
Yet kind hearts were roun' me, an' a' alike ready
To cheer up the heart o' the puir wee laddie.

Wi' taps, bools, an' peeries, they kept up the glee,
E'en the lassies were cheery as cheery could be;
Like the lave, I ha'e grown sic a throuither caddie,
I whiles clean forget I'm a Puir's-hoose laddie.

An' though ane anither we reissle an' reel,
Like brither to brither we're true as the steel;
At the sicht o' the tawse oor bit luifs oot we haud aye,
Far rather than squeel on a Puir's-hoose laddie.

We're far better fed than the feck o' puir weans,
While oor tailor to cleed us is at muckle pains,
Baith canker'd auld carle, an' raucle-tongued jaudie,
Hae aye a kind word for the Puir's-hoose laddie.

When Saturday comes—that's the day we get oot—
It's sic a delicht jist to wauner aboot;
To glowr at the winnocks a' dressed up sae gaudy,
Tak's nocht frae the pouch o' the Puir's-hoose laddie.

We ca' on oor frien's, if we hae them, and what
Wi' a bawbee frae this ane, a penny frae that,
A cake or a scone, or the side o' a haddie,
There's naething comes wrang to the Puir's-hoose laddie.

Oh it's guid for ye folk wha hae hames o' your ain,
That whiles ye be mindfu' o' them that hae nane;
Some tea to the auld folk, tobacco or taddy,
An' *mind* a bit piece to the Puir's-hoose laddie.

An' when we come in if it's past five o'clock,
The Governor glooms, and he says, "Hark ye, Jock,
If ye try this again, here's a belt, an' I'll wad ye,
'Twill tickle the luifs o' the Puir's-hoose laddie."

Nae doot it's büt richt, na, he's no' an ill chiel,
Gie a man aye his due, seein' we gie't to the deil;
The very best folk whiles deserve a bit daudie,
An' nane mair I trow than the Puir's-hoose laddie.

We've nurses, puir bodies, wha tent us wi' care;
At the schule we get lessons an' muckle guid lear,
Oor kind-hearted schule-mistress—mitherly bodie!
Wad lay down her life for ilk Puir's-hoose laddie.

But e'en the best Puir's-hoose can ne'er be like hame;
Nae love like oor mither's—oh sweet, blessed name!
To lie on her bosom, to sleep 'neath her plaidie,
But she'll cuddle nae mair her wee Puir's-hoose laddie!

God grant, for her sake, I may grow up a man,
Weel likeit, respected—syne tak' by the han'
Some weel-behaved lassie, to mak her my leddie,
Then look down wha daur on the Puir s-hoose laddie.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

AIR—" *Willie Brewed,*" &c.

A BLYTHE new year! a braw new year!
Come, gies thy han', auld crony mine!
An' hearty may we spend the day,
As we hae dune in days langsyne.

The storm withoot may breenge aboot,
And roar like boggie doun the lum,
Wi' mirth within we'll droun the din,
To welcome in the days to come.
A blythe new year, etc.

Let ilka ane—man, wife, and wean—
Forget the griefs they hae gane through;
Remember but the auld year's joys,
An' hope for better in the new.
A blythe new year, etc.

Oor lot we'll bide, whate'er betide,
Like frien's an' brithers try to gree,
Wi' helpfu' han' ilk ither guide,
Ilk ither's fauts mair seldom see.
A blythe new year, etc.

Let rich an' puir Heaven's bounties share,
Health, wealth, and wark be wi' us a';
But ill befa' the heartless loon
Wha frae the needfu' turns awa'!
A blythe new year, etc.

Though cauld an' blae the lengthenin' day,
Yet by and by the bees will hum;
The sun shines bricht ayont the hicht
That hides us frae the days to come.
A blythe new year, etc.

Owre a' the earth let Scottish worth
An' Scottish sense still bear the gree;
May ilk ane hae a happy day,
An' mony o' them may we see!
A blythe new year, etc.

JMPH-M.*

—:o:—

WHEN I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',
Unless when he bawled "Jamie! haud oot yer han'"!
Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph-m,"—
I glunch'd, and said "Imph-m"—
I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither:"
"Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
That common word 'Imph-m,'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means A-y-e!"

* See Appendix. This song, as well as "Wee Kate," as most of my readers are aware, is to be found in my "Kilwuddie" volume. Since then, however, I have added touches here and there to both, with a view to their improvement; they are now presented to the reader in their amended form.

Had ye seen hoo he glowr'd, hoo he scratched his big
pate,

An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!

Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!

The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue ór fule,"

But I only said "Imph-m,"

That pawkie word "Imph-m,"

He cou'dna spell "Imph-m," that stands for an—A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—

O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—

When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,

I speired in a whisper, if she'd be my ain,

She blush'd, an' said "Imph-m,"

That charming word "Imph-m,"

A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—A-y-e!

And noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—

A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;

But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,

They pit on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,

But only say "Imph-m,"

That daft-like word "Imph-m,"

That vulgar word "Imph-m"—they winna say—A-y-e!

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd through Beith

Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,

When some ane cried oot "Will you tak' mine the morn?"
He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said "Imph-m,"
That usefu' word "Imph-m"—
Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say—A-y-e!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Imph-m"—it's no a nice word;
When printed on paper its perfect absurd;
Sae if ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
Just haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;
But never say "Imph-m,"
That daft-like word "Imph-m"—
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A-y-e!

POOR WEE KATE.

AIR—" *There Grows a Bonny Brier Bush.*"

WAS there ever sic a lassie kent, as oor Wee Kate?
There's no a wean in a' the toun like oor Wee Kate;
Baith in an' oot, at kirk an schule, she rins at sic a rate,
A pair o' shoon jist lasts a month wi' oor Wee Kate.

I wish she'd been a callan, she's sic a steerin' queen—
For ribbons, dolls, and a' sic gear, she doesna' care a preen,
But taps an' bools, girs, ba's an' bats, she plays wi' ear' and
late;
I'll hae to get a pair o' breeks for oor Wee Kate.

Na, what do you think? the ither day, as sure as ony thing—
I saw her fleein' dragons, wi' maist a mile o' string;
Yer jumpin' rapes and peveralls, she flings oot o' her gate,
But nane can fire a towgun like oor Wee Kate.

They tell me on the meetin' nicht she's waur than ony fule,
She dings her bloomer oot o' shape an' mak'st jist like a shule;
The chairman glooms an' shakes his head an' scarce can
keep his seat:
I won'er he can thole sic deils as oor Wee Kate.

But see her on a gala-nicht, she's aye sae neat an' clean—
Wi' cheeks like ony roses, an' bonnie glancin' een—
An' then to hear her sing a sang, its jist a perfect treat,
For ne'er a lintie sings sae sweet as oor Wee Kate.

Yet there's no a kin'er wean in a' the toun, I'm sure;
That day wee brither Johnny dee'd, she grat her wee heart
sair;
In beggar weans, an' helpless folk she taks a queer conceit—
They're sure to get the bits o' piece frae oor Wee Kate.

Gaun to the kirk the ither day she sees a duddie wean
Wi' cauld bare feet and brackit face sit sabbin' on a stane;
She slipt the penny in his han' I gie'd her for the plate:
The kirks wad fa' if folk were a' like oor Wee Kate.

For a' she's sic a steer-about, sae fu' o' mirth an' fun,
She taks the lead in ilka class, an' mony a prize she's won—
This gars me think there's maybe mair than mischief in her
pate,
I wish I saw the wisdom teeth o' oor Wee Kate.

SUGARY TAM;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN A' THINGS.

Was there ever a laddie like oor wee Tam?
On earth as sweet gabbit as oor wee Tam?
Ye mayna believe me, but, auld as I am,
I've ne'er seen the equal o' oor wee Tam.

E'en when a bit infant, afore he could crawl,
He'd haud oot his han' for a drap or a ball;
While twa at a time in his mooth he wad cram—
Aye bockin' an' chokin was oor wee Tam.

As sune's he could rin to the door-step his lane,
He'd hunt a' the hoose for a rag or a bane
(E'en the dish-clout at times in his pouch he wad ram)
To gi'e to the candyman—greedy wee Tam!

Like heathen in view o' great Juggernaut's car,
The candyman's barrow Tam hail'd frae afar;
He'd ha'e flung himsel' doun 'neath the wheel or the tram
For a morsel o' rock, sic a pagan was Tam!

An' then, sic a picture his face wad present:
His cheeks, mooth, an' chin as if dabbit wi' pent;
Through a sea o' molasses ye'd think he had swam,
For ilka thing stack to the claes o' wee Tam.

Ae day in a show when pig Toby gaed roun',
At the word o' the showman, to fin' oot the loon
Wha lickit the sugar an' suppit the jam,
As straucht as an arrow he cam' to oor Tam.

Ye'll maybe be thinkin' the laddie thocht shame,
But he lauch'd an' he giggled, an' when he gat hame
He tell't the hale story to wee cousin Sam,
Quite prood o' the honour was oor wee Tam.

For a' kinds o' sweat-meats he's waur than the flees—
In his kite, I whiles think, ther's a skep o' bumbees;
When somebody asked, wad he hae a bit dram,
"I'll tak' ane an' sugar," quo oor wee Tam.

It's no' that the laddie is big o' his meat,
He caresna for dainties unless they be sweet;
I can trust him wi' butter, cheese, haddocks, or ham,
But as for the sugar-bowl—*catch me*, wee Tam.

He winna complain though half water his tea;
Gi'e him rowth o' sugar, contented he'll be—
Twa spoonfu' at least in his cup you maun slam;
An' ane in his mooth, sic a waster is Tam.

Wi' scent like a sleuth-hound for onything sweet,
If a grocer's toom barrel's left oot on the street,
He's intil't at ance, wi' a bit o' a clam,
To scrape oot the corners, sae clever is Tam.

Bawbees in his pouches aye burn a big hole,
The heat o' the metal he canna weel thole,
Sae aff to auld Rosy's as fast as he can
To niffer't for toffie or sticky blackman.

But a' this hale story belongs to the past,
Tam was cured o' his likin' for sweet things at last;
A'e day in cam' rinnin' oor grocer M'Wham—
He wanted a' 'prentice, sae took awa Tam.

The first job he gat was to redd up the store,
Whaur a' kin's o' sweet gear was kept in galore;
Loaf-sugar, molasses, baith jeely an' jam—
'Twas a garden o' Eden to oor wee Tam.

A sorrowfu' Eden, for aye the auld snake
Kept eggin' him on jist to tak' a bit slake,
Till he stuffed his wee stomach as fu's it would cram;
As sick as a badger grew oor wee Tam.

They oxtered him hame like a body in drink,
Whaur he row'd an' he tumbld, but never a' wink
O' rest or relief to the puir laddie cam';
'Twad ha'e made your heart sair jist to look at wee Tam.

In a month he was able ance mair to gae oot,
But his wee bluidless lips were as pale as a clout ;
His skin wi' the jaundice as yellow's a yam,
He paid for his whistle did oor wee Tam.

Sae, noo, wi' the sugar wee Tam ye may trust ;
E'en the sicht o' the bowl gars him grew wi' disgust ;
I can lippen him noo wi' baith jeely and jam—
Losh ! it's made quite a convert o' oor wee Tam.

TO "JOHN FROST."

—:0:—

HEY, John! ho, John!

Haste ye an' gae wa', John;
We've had this weather lang eneuch,
It's time noo we had thaw, John.

Yer breath gars e'en oor souls congeal,
Yer teeth a taid wad flay, John—
Yer lang sharp nails can nip as weel
As ony partan's tae, John.

Ilk e'e a frozen tear-drap fills—
Yer hair wi' cranreuch dicht, John;
Yer beard a' hung wi' icicles—
Yer jist a perfect fricht, John.

We like to see you ance a year,
When Christmas tide comes roun', John;
Or Ne'arday, when we briskly steer
Oor shanks oot o' the toun, John.

We'd let ye thaw yer cauld blae feet,
Yer shilpit neb an' a', John;
We'd even gie ye twa days' meat,
If then ye wad gae wa', John.

But na! like mony mae, ye like
To mak your quarters guid, John;
Ye winna budge, ye surly tyke,
Till ye are in the tid, John.

An' then, ye've sic deceitfu' ways—
At e'en, when we've lain down, John,
Ye come an' nip the bairnies' taes,
When they are sleepin' soun', John.

Although a roarin' fire we keep
Ableeze on oor fire-en', John,
An' hap us a' like muirlan' sheep,
Ye still come creepin ben, John.

Ye sure maun be a spitefu' chiel—
Ha'e ye a heart ava', John?
I feel your teeth in ilka heel
Whene'er your breath ye blaw, John.

The farmer's wark is far behin',
An' ye get a' the blame, John;
Baith plough and spade are frozen in—
Atweel ye nicht think shame, John.

The chitterin' birdies patient wait
To see you tak' the air, John;
That ilk may woo his feather'd mate,
An' fondly wi' her pair, John.

The flower-buds, peepin' through the grun',
Are wishin' ye were gane, John,
That they may get a blink o' sun,
An' e'en a drap o' rain, John.

Oor curlers an' oor skaiters baith
Declare yer their best frien', John,
Yet ban ye black—I'll take my aith—
When they gae hame at e'en, John—

When wives to wag their tongues begin,
About the time that's tint, John,
An' tell them hoo the meal is dune—
It's time they took the hint, John.

Are they no kin' to you at hame—
Ha'e ye a ragin wife, John?
If she is bauld as ye are cauld,
Ye'll lead an' awfu' life, John.

They sae your hoose is built wi' ice,
Yer blankets wreaths o' snaw, John;
If that be sae, ye'll yet think twice
Afore ye gang awa', John.

But sune the sun ower a' beneath
Will shed his kindly beams, John;
My sang! he'll break your stubborn teeth,
An' dissipate your dreams, John.

Sae scamper aff, an' ye be wise,
Oor words are kindly meant, John;
Nor will we charge for oor advice,
Sae be ye tak' the hint, John.

HAUD WEEL TO THE WARK.

—:v:—

SOME folks are forever complainin',
 Content in their heart fin's nae place,
 Sae doun in the mouth an' sae feckless,
 Ye ne'er see a smile on their face.
 There's nae ane but has some bit trouble;
 Gude kens! I hae some o' my ain:
 But what wi' ae thing an' anither,
 Od! I never hae time to complain.

I'm ne'er dune wi' scourin' an' cleanin',
 Ilk mornin' I'm up wi' the lark;
 The best cure I ken for complainin'
 Is jist to haud weel to the wark.
 There's John, my guidman, he's aye hoastin'—
 Though't canna be said he is auld—
 Sits birs'lin his taes in the corner:
 Od! I haena the time to grow cauld.

There's Kirsty M'Cutchen, oor neebor,
Frae mornin' tae e'enin' she granes;
An' when there's naebody to listen,
She rekes it a' oot on the weans.
Wat weather brings on her rheumatics,
A waff frae the door gars her 'neeze,
She says her twa feet are aye freezin'—
Od! mine never get time for to freeze.

An' then, there's my auld aunty Effie,
Wha sits a' day lang in her chair,
Wi' servants an' folk to work for her,
The body's half crazed, I declare.
Disease aye claims kin wi' the idle,
They're ill baith to cure an' to kill;
Od! here am I, hearty an' happy,
For I ne'er hae the time to fa' ill.

There is some that I ken hae a mission
For readin' the signs o' the times,
Wi' them we're a' gaun to perdition,
Bent down wi' the wecht o' oor crimes;
Oppress'd wi' the cares o' creation,
O' sleep they get seldom a wink—
Od! I'm sae taen up wi' the present,
I haena the time for to think.

As for neebors, they're no' worth the heedin'
Ae day they're sae lovin' an' sweet,
They'll scarce bide awa' frae ilk ither,
The neist, they'll no speak when they meet;
Their leein', ill-speakin' and clashes
Are ill to put up wi' nae doot;
As for me, I ne'er fash wi' sic clavers:
Od! I haena the time to cast oot.

Sae ye've gotten my private opinion,
Far mair I had ettled to say,
But it winna dae here to stan' idle,
Na, na! I've owre muckle to dae;
As lang's there's a hole in a stockin',
Or button to sew on a sark,
I haena the time for sic havers—
Losh me! what a blessin' is wark!

THE NO' WHEEL LASSIE.

—:0:—

“COME, faither, sit ye here by me, an' tell me whaur ye've been,

For sin' ye left at early morn I haena closed my een;
O weary, weary is this life o' sickness an' o' pain!
I aften think, when a' my lane, I'll ne'er grow weel again.

“It wad be sad to lea' ye a', to lea' the blessed sun,
To lea' ye when the sweet Spring-time is hardly weel begun—
But tell me whaur ye've been, faither, what ferlies did ye see?
An' hae ye brocht the wee Spring flowers yestreen ye promised me?”

“I thocht you were asleep, Annie; I saw the morn was fair,
Sae hied awa' oot to the fields to breathe the caller air—
To breathe the caller air, my lass, an' scent the openin' buds,
An' seek for bonnie blossoms in the lown neuks o' the wuds.

“An' there beneath a bushy bield the first primrose I saw,
In its wee nest o' crimpit leaves fu' bonnie it did blaw;
The daisy, too, was spreadin' her white stars upon the lea,
An' sweetly bloomin', in the shaw, the pale anemone.”

"O, faither, that I had been oot wi' thee this sunny morn,
To scent the odour o' the larch upon the saft winds borne;
But let me see the bonnie flowers; ah, faither, ye're to blame;
Ye should hae brocht them hame wi' ye, ye should hae
brocht them hame!"

"Syne, Annie lass, I took the path that winds beside the stream,
Whaur brambles trail their purple stems, an' snawy starworts
gleam;

An' there upon the sunny bank beneath the souchin' pine,
I saw the gowden starnies o' the little celandine."

"O bonnie flowers! my ain wee flowers! O, that I ance were
I think I see that gowden ane jist like a buttercup; [up!
Ye micht, at least hae brocht me that—ah, faither, ye're to
blame!

Ye should hae brocht them hame, faither, ye should hae
brocht them hame!

"If I were in the wuds, faither, an' ye were lyin' here,
I'd be the first to bring to ye the wild flowers o' the year;
Forbye, ye ken, ye promised me afore I fell asleep [keep.
Yestreen, ye'd bring them hame to me, sae noo your promise

"I see a smile upon thy face, ye're makin' fun I see;
What's that ye hae ahin your back a-hidin' sae frae me?
Ah, ha! ye rogue, I've fand ye oot, I see yer no to blame,
Ye've kept your promise, here's a kiss for bringing me them
hame!"

THE MAN WI' THE LOVIN' HEART NEVER
GROWS AULD.

—:0:—

Noo, bairns, I ken brawly ye're thinkin' it queer
That a bodie like me should be friskin' oot here;
That an auld man like me, stappin' down to the grave,
Should be laughin' and daffin' as loud as the lave.
It's true I'm sair bent, my auld head like the snaw,
Sna'-white the scant locks ance as black as the crow;
Yet the heart may be young though the pow may be bald,
For the man wi' the lovin' heart never grows auld—

Canna grow auld!

The man wi' the kindly heart never grows auld!

Nae doot ye're a' bonnie and plump as a pea,
Your heads fou o' fun and as licht as a flee,
Your wee hearts as free o' vexation an' care
As the flowers in the wuds, or the birds in the air:
Yet thinkna an auld man, though wrinkled and grey,
Canna share your delichts an tak part in your play.
To the joys o' Life's mornin' the heart ne'er grows cauld,
For the man wi' the lovin' heart never grows auld—

Canna grow auld!

The man wi' the kindly heart never grows auld!

To me the wee birds sang as sweetly langsyne,
The rose on your cheeks bloomed as bonnie on mine;
An' methinks the wee bairns were the same I now see,
That danc'd the day lang 'mang the daisies wi' me.
What, though thir auld banes soon be laid in the yird,
The young soul within will flee aff like a bird
To its ain happy hame in that warl' whaur we're tauld
The man wi' the lovin' heart never grows auld—
Canna grow auld!
The man wi' the kindly heart never grows auld!

THE BAIRNIES ARE OOT ON THE PAVEMENT
AGAIN.

—:0:—

THE March winds nae langer blaw gurly an' dour;
The harrows are thrang 'mang the clods an' the stour;
Auld folk wi' rheumatics nae langer complain,
For the bairnies are oot on the pavement again.

Like starnies o' silver the wee gowans shine,
On bank an' on brae blooms the gay celandine;
But bonnier flowers bloom along the kerb-stane,
For the bairnies are oot on the pavement again.

The wee birds are singin', to welcome the spring,
The blackbird an' mavis gar a' the woods ring;
But blyther's the din o' the gowden-haired train,
As gleefu' they shout on the pavement again.

O, the wee stumpy legs ance sae hacket an' blae,
Nae langer exposed to the cauld sleety day;
While the wee shoeless feet hae forgotten their pain,
As they beek in the sun on the pavement again.

See yonder puir lassie ! wi' haffets sae thin,
Her hame a dark hovel o' sorrow an' sin;
Yet for a' she has suffer'd she disna complain,
Sae glad to be oot on the pavement again.

Wi' peeries an' peevers a' busy at play,
Sic lauchin' an' daffin'—hoo swift speeds the day;
O, whiles I half wish I were ance mair a wean,
To tumble an' row on the pavement again.

We're far frae the woodlands, we're far frae the fields,
An' far frae the treasure ilk sunny bank yields;
But, Gudeness be thank'd! we hae acres o' stane,
A' blossom'd wi' fair human flowerets again.

The hichts roun' about are still pouter't wi' snaw,
Still white loom the hills through the clouds far awa';
But here in the toun, o' sic things we've had nane,
Sin' the bairnies cam' oot to the pavement again.

Ye sunbeams, fa' kindly on scenes sic as these,
An' temper the breath o' the cauld norlan breeze;
Bid Winter gae wa' wi' his blusterin' train,
Nor chill the wee feet on oor pavements again.

O, mar na the play o' the bairns when ye pass,
An' they'll pay ye wi' smiles, ilk wee laddie an' lass:
Then oor auld hearts within us wi' joy will dance fain,
An' wish we were bairns on the pavement again.

TO JANET—MRS. HAMILTON,

THE POET OF LANGLOAN.

DEAR Janet, a sonnet,

Or something o' a sang,

I meant to hae sent ye

This—Gudeness kens hoo lang!

But my auld harp gets oot o' tune, if I bit thrum a string;

The glaiket muse lauchs in her sleeve, yet winna spread her
wing.

Parnassus, Pegasus,

The rogue, he winna spiel;

But reests aye the beast aye

As dour as ony deil.

It's a' in vain, I tug the rein, an' head him to the hill—

Ae single hoove he winna move against his sovran will.

But let him—deil tak' him!

Ance tak' the road himsel',

He gallops, he wallops,

Through heaven, earth, an' hell.

But, fye on me! it ill becomes a poet to misca'

The kindly queen wha on us lets sae mony favours fa'.

The musie, proud hizzie,
Is the best frien' I hae;
I'll lo'e her an' woo her
Until my deein' day.

E'en when a laddie, frae the lave me couthily she drew;
I felt her sweet breath on my cheek, her kiss upon my broo.

Ah, Minnie! the hiney
O' undeserved praise,
Ye've laid on, ye've spread on
My unpretending lays—

Enough to bring on bizzin wing a hunner skeps o' bees,
Forbye some scores o' critic wasps, aiblins some midden flees.

For nathless, nane scathless
May climb Parnassus brae;
"They're lifeless that's faultless,"
We've heard our grannies say.

Frae thee an' me alike, auld frien', the day be distant far,
When praise or blame frae human lips, life's even course
shall mar.

The capstane, the tapstane,
O' life's slow risin' cairn
Is jist this—an' nae less—
To be a guileless bairn.

Wealth, greatness, fame, let ithers prize, and struggle for wha
will,
May our ambition be to win that greatness, greatest still.

My certie! auld heartie,
But ye're a raucle dame,
Still skirlin an' birlin'
Within yer cosy hame—

As if ye were a lassie yet—licht-hearted o' saxteen;
The branch may bend, but winna break sae lang the pith is
[green.

Kilwuddie, puir body,
Wi' his ain weird to dree,
Feels stronger the langer
He kens leal frien's like thee;
Doun ower the bleak hill-tap o' life he sees Eild's tomb-
ward way,
An' looks aroun' him for some staff to help him doun the brae.

Frien' Janet, God sen' yet,
Thy life henceforth may be,
October, the sober,
That hangs on bush an' tree;
The gathered glories o' the year, ripe autumn's smilin' store,
An' lingering flow'rets smile upon thy pathway as of yore.

Suppose, then, I close then
Wi' this, my heartfelt prayer;
Sae, may we hear frae thee,
When ye've a line to spare?
Remember me to him ye lo'e— yer couthy auld guidman,
An' a' the lave. I'll come mysel', belyve, as sune's I can.

THE BODIE IN BLACK.

—:0:—

AE nicht I was oot at a party
When cookies and tea were ca'd roun';
Whaur mithers an' dochters in plenty
Were blooming like roses in June;
But the queen o' the feast to my thinkin'—
Was ane wha aye smiled but ne'er spak:
Oh, wha auchts, thinks I, this wee beauty,
The bonnie wee bodie in black?

Ane tel't me hoo she was a widow,
Wha scarce had been buckled a year;
Quo I, gudesake! wha wad hae thocht it,
She's no a bit waur o' the wear.
Sae hame I gaed thinkin' an' thinkin'—
My saul a' nicht lang on the rack—
I slept; but 'twas only to dream o'
That charmin' wee bodie in black.

Her ways were sae modest an' winnin';
Her een sae bewitchin' an' clear;
Her wee mou' as red as June roses,
An' ripe as a sweet hiney-pear.
Her ringlets on ilka cheek waving
Frae her lily broo, gathered back,
Gars the bonnie wee face in the midst o't
Seem bonnier still in the black.

O my heart, hoo it louns when I meet her,
At market, or kirk, or at fair;
An' oh! I'm sae down in the mouth when
The wee sunny face isna there.
The last Hallowe'en at my uncle's
The foul water thrice I did tak';
"O better a widow than naething,"
Quo the pawkie wee bodie in black.

An' a' that lang nicht sic a bother
They raised aboot me an' the quean;
I was half crazy made wi' their clavers,
An' hale wi' her twa lauchin' een.
That nicht to mysel' in the hame gaun,
Quo I, "Jamie, man but your slack;
Why dinna ye tak to your bosom
That peerless wee bodie in black?"

Sae I speired the consent o' my mither,
No wantin' to raise ony strife;
"Aye, tak' her," quo she, "an' hae dune wi't,
She'll mak ye a thrifty gudewife."
I kentna weel what to sae till her—
O' courtin' I hadna the knack;
But she guess'd what I meant, an' consented—
The pawkie wee bodie in black.

Her beauty to me is a tocher;
Her worth mair than acres or gear.
In a month she has promised to wed me,
But oh, it seems mair than a year.
Her braw bridal dress is a-makin';
Its splendour's the hale kintra crack;
But I'm feared when it's on I'll no' ken her,
Sae bonnie she looks in the black.

AULD FREETS.

—:0:—

GAE wa' wi' your freets an' your nonsense,
Sic stories ye mauna tell me,
That auld-farrant weans are no canny,
An' come to the warl' but to dee;

That they are sent as a chasteesement,
To add to our sorrow an' care,
To warm oor auld hearts for a blinkie,
Syne wring them wi' hopeless despair.

D'ye think the Guid Lord is an ogre,
Like Herod, the cruel, langsyne?
D'ye think he mak's wee human flowerets,
For the pleasure o' seeing them dwine?

When auld heids are set on young shouthers,
Depend on't it's for some guid en';
The wisdom that comes frae sic bairnies,
Micht shame that o' mony auld men.

Nae doot, they grow weird and uncanny,
If o' them we dinna tak heed,
Aye crammin wi' lear their wee noddles,
When they should be playin' instead.

Fye! let them gae dance 'mang the daisies,
Or tumble an' row on the green,
Big hooses, kep dams, or fyle peenies,
An' come hame like navvies at e'en.

Syne in the big byne amang water
The wee tots mak' caller an' clean,
Till roses shine roun' the white dimples,
An' joy frae their bonnie wee een.

There's nae time owergane yet for schulin',
Oot playin' they winna gae wrang;
Sen' them to the schule when they're fit for't,
They'll get the mair guid when they gang.

The Lord's no that scrimp o' his mercies
As gae us them only on len',
They dinna come here to grow angels,
But brave hearted women and men.

Believe me, there's nae dearth o' angels
In yonder fair region abune;
What's wantit is sauls that hae fauchten
Life's battles withoot ony din.

Brave hearts that hae fought through a' weathers
That fiend an' betrayer ca'd Sel'—
Owrecome a' life's fiery temptations,
Believe me, a het aneuch hell.

Wha prizes the fruit that fa's early
Upon the yird sapless an' sour?
The best aye bides lang on the branches
To beek in the sun and the shower.

An' sae wi' oor warlocks o' weanies
The Lord disna scrimp them o' days,
But sen's the wee auld-farran totties
To live to his glory an' praise.

(81)

“MADIE.”

—:0:—

THEY wha say “angels noo-a-days
Ne’er come to bless the sons o’ men,
An’ fan the sacred lowe of love,”
They dinna ken what I ken.

A bonnie angel to oor hame,
The Lord abune did kindly sen’;
Whaur else the totum could come frae,
I’m sure it’s mair than I ken.

Sae plump an’ wee, sae bricht her e’e,
Nae bigger than a clocking hen;
But yet for a’ the wean’s sae wee,
She kens as muckle’s I ken.

The ither day, when at my wheel,
Quo I, “Sweet hinney, come ye ben,
An’ tell wha made my dainty pet?”
Quo she, “Od! hoo can I ken?”

"I wisna made, but growed," she says,
"Jist like an egg aneath a hen;"
Wha pits sic notions in her head?
Od me! it's mair than I ken.

Then if I tell her Madie's bad,
She lauchs an' says some day she'll men',
When she grows big like me, the brat!
She kens far mair than I ken.

Sic questions whiles at me she'll speir,
My very hair it stan's on en',
Aboot the deid, an' whaur they dwell,
Gude guide us! hoo should I ken?

She thinks it hard that men wi' deils
Should herd down in yon darksome den,
Thinks some day yet they may get oot—
The ferlie! hoo can she ken?

Wee brat! ane canna say a word,
But her bit lug she's sure to len';
But hoo her thochts can tak' sic shapes,
I'm sure it's mair than I ken.

She sees strange sights nae ithers see,
Wee elfin folk an' fairy men,
An' speirs at me whaur they come frae,
But hoo the plague can I ken?

She sees the angels in her sleep,
In her wee crib at oor fire-en';
God frae a' skaith the bairnie keep!
The sweetest angel I ken.

She talks o' him that's far frae here,
Her faither dear, the best o' men!
She kens his fit when he comes near,
Aye, better far than I ken.

It's queer, yet e'e she cam' to us,
Oor John an' me could hardly fen;
But when she cam' oor luck began—
Though hoo, it's mair than I ken.

Her rosy cheeks an' hinney mou',
I pree as she rins but an' ben;
Hoo sic a wean should be my ain,
I'm sure it's mair than I ken.

To tell ye a' aboot the bairn
Is far beyond my tongue or pen,
When ye've a bairnie o' your ain,
Ye'll maybe ken what I ken.

PET NANNIE;

A RHYME FOR THE BAIRNS.

O BUT thou'rt a stupid thing,
What gars thee sae fleg an' fling?
Tuggin' at thy tether-string,
My pet Nannie!

Far owre sune they did thee spean,
Ye're as helpless as a wean;
Hardly can ye fen yer lane,
My pet Nannie!

Baith yer sides weel clad wi' grey,
Riggin' black as ony slae,
On ilk hoof a horny shae,
My pet Nannie!

Lang aneuch yer lugs I'm sure,
As for tail—I dae declare—
Jist a fud an' naething mair,
My pet Nannie!

Wi' a head as roun's a mell—
Nannie, when my doo's I sell
Wi' the price I'll buy a bell—
My pet Nannie!

Whilk aroun' thy neck I'll hing
Wi' a bonnie silken string,
When ye rin the bell will ring,
My pet Nannie!

Nocht ken ye o' weet or mire,
Spilder'd oot afore the fire;
Certes! ye've a cosy byre,
My pet Nannie!

Grass, as yet, ye canna eat,
Drinks o' milk yer only meat,—
Ae half skim, the ither sweet,
My pet Nannie!

Thy wee horns begin to sprout,
Frae the hair they're keekin' oot,
They'll grow fast enough nae doot,
My pet Nannie!

By and by, ye'll learn to box,
An' gie us some fearfu' knocks,
Gude keep me frae siccan strokes,
My pet Nannie!

Nannie! if sic tricks ye try
On a caulder bed ye'll lie—
Butt the byre amang the kye,
My pet Nannie!

Idylls o' Hame.

Sune as come the simmer days
Ye maun scamper to the braes,
An' gie ower yer glaikit ways,
My pet Nannie!

When a twamond auld or mair—
If we bring thee up wi' care—
Ye may hae some milk to spare,
My pet Nannie!

But when ance ye gang afield,
Neebors' corn ye mauna steal,
Nor the fences maun ye spiel,
My pet Nannie!

When wi' grass weel filled yer wame,
Frae the loan I'll ca' thy name,
Syne to us ye'll toddle hame
My pet Nannie!

Then we'll milk thee, my wee pet,
An' sic reamy wauchts we'll get,
Streamin' frae thee frothin' het,
My pet Nannie!

In yer crib syne coorie doun,
No' ae care in a' yer croun,
Chew yer cuid an' sleep fu' soun,
My pet Nannie!

A GROWL FRAE MY AULD BELLOWES ON BEING
LAID ASIDE FOR A PAIR O' NEW ANES.*

—:o:—

IM-HM! ou aye! and sae its come to this,
For a' I've dune—deil tak' their wedded bliss!
Like pair o' shauchled shoon I'm cuist aside,
An' a' to please a glaiket hizzie's pride.

Whaur were my een? and whaur my wan'ert wits?
I maun hae had ane o' my crazy fits,
That day I raved aboot a bachelor life,
An' gat the maister to fetch hame a wife?

A wife! an even-doun waster rather say,
Sae mony whigmaleeries she maun hae;
Her man, puir chiel, can scarce get gallowses,
Yet he maun buy her dandy bellowses!

An' siccan trash! fit playocks for a wean,
Unlike myself, big, gaucy, strong, and plain:
Auld as I am, an' black wi' dirt an' gum,
I'd tak' in han' to blaw them up the lum.

*See "The Clock and Bellows." "Kilwuddie" volume.

An' what is she, but jist a bigger wean?
Has scarce a min' ae minute o' her ain—
A perfect taupy, wi' less sense or wit
Than the bit bairnie todlin' at her fit.

Puir tumphy! to prefer sic things to me.
Brass nails! red leather! a' to tak' the e'e;
Nae doot, the new-bought besom aye soops clean,
She's no' the first has slighted an auld frien'.

It's no but puir auld me nicht dae her turn
As lang there's sticks to waste or brose to burn;
It's her curst pride in things that tak' the e'e;—
Though Gude kens she's nae beauty mair than me.

Ay, sae I'm "auld an' dune, an' oot o' place,"
The very sicht o' me "a black disgrace."
My sides "a' cloutit, the shod off an' awa',"
Sae fu' o' holes, "I haena breath to blaw."

An' thus, like ony drum, she dins his ear
Baith morn an' nicht—it ne'erhaun gars me swear,
To hear a woman tell sic rousin' lees,
Aneuch to set the warl' a' in a bleeze.

But wha's to blame? wha flings me on the flair?
Wha lets her laddies harl me doun the stair?
Syne stap my nozzle in the ruddy flame,
Or ram red pokers reeking through my wame?

Ye look on me like dirt because I'm auld,
But wait till ye're as cadged aboot an' cauld—
Wait till, like me, ye've spent as muckle win'
In makin' fires as red as ony mune,—

Till some guid-dochter—glaiKET—tak' yer place,
An' ca' ye an auld randy to yer face.
When yer ain buffs begin to blaw less free,
Wheezlin' wi' age, ye'll aiblins think o' me!

But lang ere then, or I am far mista'en,
O' a' yer gran' nick-nackets ye'll hae nane.
Richt glad yer dandy bellows to put in
Yer uncle's!—that's the way *they'll* raise the win.

The maister, silly coof! loes ye; but then
Ye're still a woman, an' he's but a man;
A grain or twa o' sense lang syne had he,
But tint it a' as soon as he saw thee.

O' that I had been brunt—I'll no say hung,
For that's nae grievance—but thus to be flung
Aneath the bed wi' dirty duds, an' waur—
Wi' company to name's mair than I daur.

But here, as lang's I hae a hole to keek,
I'll use my een and oot my vengeance wreak,
As lang as I hae left a breath o' win',
I'll speak my min' let wha likes ca't a sin.

An' you, my braw successor, may look out,
I'll see ye brunt, or broke yer ugly snout;
Guid save us! when I see ye puff an heave,
I'll hotch wi' mirth, an nicher in my sleeve.

You blaw a fire! an' be a woman's drudge,
Wi' nae mair pith than yon bit window-midge;
You mak' the pat to boil, the kettle sing,
They'll rather greet for ye, ye feckless thing!

But even though ye were as guid's mysel'—
Had buffs could blaw a smiddy or a stell—
Though ye could even blaw like Dixon's blast—
Ye'll land aneath this bed, like me, at last.

1114 8 31

HIPS AN' HAWS.

—:0:—

OCTOBER sere, o' a' the year,
The month I lo'e the best,
When Autumn wuds the gatherin' cluds
O' ca'in rooks arrest;
When startled pairicks whirrin rise,
Frae 'mang the stooky raws,
An' laddies scamper far afiel'
To gather hips an' haws.

Oh precious fruit o' bush an' bield!
Ye bring the past to min';
Through a' its vistas dark an' dim
Your fadeless glories shine.
Sweet memories come back to us
Wi' ilka breeze that blaws;
But ower them a' we prize e'en yet
The ruddy hips an' haws.

It's lang sin' syne; but ye'll hae min'
Hoo we twa laddies ran
Aff to the braes to gather slaes
Or blackboids in a can.
An' hoo we clapp'd oor han's wi' glee,
An' raised oor loud huzzas,
When first we spied, in scarlet dyed,
The welcome hips an' haws.

Hoo aft we spiel'd the broomy knowes
An' ranged the birken glen:
Stole through the stooks to bushy nooks
That ithers didna ken,
Till hid amang the gowden leaves
Whaur white the burnie fa's,
We cramm'd oor jacket pouches fu'
O' scarlet hips an' haws.

D'ye mind that day when frae the schule
We twa the truant played,
An' met fair Annie o' the Mill
Wi' Bell thy ain dear maid,
Sittin' beneath a leafy bield,
Busk'd in their Sunday braws,
Admirin' there, wi' langin' een,
The temptin' hips an' haws?

My heart gaed like a kenna what:
Strange bliss shot through my veins;
Man, Johnie, hoo we worshipp'd them
Though we were only weans;
An' hoo we focht aside the birns
To save their bits o' gauze,
As through the maze, wi' ardent gaze,
They socht the hips an' haws.

What douchty deeds were dune that day,
What dizzy hichts were spiel'd!
We kent whase een were watchin' us,
An' sae we scorned to yield;
E'en whaur the dreaded warlock's craig
Uprears its rocky wa's,
We clung like bats, an' filled their hats
Wi' ruddy hips an' haws.

We bent aside the boughs for them,
We helped them owre the burn,
An' saw ilk sweet face mirror'd there
Deep in its crystal urn.
In mirth we mock'd, abunae our heads,
The loud complainin' craws,
An' in the licht o' lauchin' een
Forgat the hips an' haws.

A dreamy haze lay on the braes,
The sun shone through a veil,
But ne'er did sun or star look doun
On youthfu' hearts mair leal.
Earth seem'd to us a paradise,
We didna ken the cause,
That made sae sweet that lane retreat
Amang the hips an' haws.

We left the gall-flower on the brier,
The campion in the dell,
For fairer flowers, wi' rosebud lips
Had bound us wi' a spell:
Forgot the griefs that were to come,
The maister's swingin' tawse,
'Twas dear-bocht bliss though, after a',
Amang the hips an' haws.

For Annie is anither's noo,
An' Bella she is gane,
The mournfu' story o' her life
Is writ on yonder stane!
Oh, can it be that when we lea'
This life wi' a' its flaws,
Sic bliss nae mair will mortals share
Amang the hips an' haws?

Or, are sic joys the sweet foretaste

O' pleasures yet to be—

Faint odours o' the comin' feast

Far wafted owre the sea?

It's winter noo wi' me and you,

But when its frost and snaws

Hae pass'd awa', the comin' spring

May bring us hips an' haws.

RIPENIN' FOR THE HAIRST.

—:O:—

WE'RE ripenin' for the hairst, guidwife,
The hairst that comes to a',
The snaws o' age upon thy broo
Ilk day the whiter fa':
I see it in mysel', guidwife,
I'm sairly crupen down,
Noo bare as polished chuckiestane
My ance weel-theekit croun.

Thy face was o' the fairest, wife,
When thou wert in thy teens,
Nor hae I seen a fairer yet
Amang oor village queans;
An' though thou art lang past thy prime,
Thou'rt bonnie still to see,
I wadna gie my winsome wife
For a' the belles I see.

We've had oor bits o' trials, wife,
Oor bits o' tifts as weel,
For hearts that lo'e the fondest aye
Their stounds the deeper feel.
You were as quick as pouter, wife,
While I was glum an' dour,
Yet aye a kindly word frae thee
Wad lay the angry stour.

I own it's been my failin', wife,
Through life to scribble rhyme,
"It's only guid time flung awa',"
Ye've tauld me mony a time;
An' yet, it's brocht thee pleasure, wife,
For aften hae I seen
The dewy tears when readin' stan'
Like jewels in thy een.

About my bits o' notions, wife,
We never could agree;
My unco plants an' fossils rare
Were only "*trash*" to thee.
It seem'd to thee sae strange that I
Should hoard them wi' sic care;
Ye couldna see wi' me, guidwife,
God's word o' Wisdom there.

It's true we are nae rich, guidwife,
An' maybe I'm to blame;
To scramble for mere worl's wealth
Ye ken was ne'er my aim;
An' yet we never wantit, wife,
For ye were aye sae gair,
An' noo we hae eneuch, guidwife,
A kennin' e'en to spare.

Some wha began the race, guidwife,
O' life wi' you an' me,
Hae gathered wealth, yet happiness,
Alas! they never pree:
Their gear brings mony sleepless nights,
An' countless cares by day,
We wha hae health and han's to work
Are richer far than they.

The less we hae to lea', guidwife,
The less we'll hae o' care,
We've train'd oor bairns a' to the wark,
We've gien them usefu' lear;
Had we, instead, provided ilk
Wi' a weel-stockit purse,
Instead o' bein' a blessin', wife,
It micht hae proved a curse.

Depend on't, whaur we're gaun, guidwife,
The angels winna spier
Hoo muckle we are worth, my lass,
In point o' worl's gear.
The gowd that's current there, guidwife,
Is o' anither mint;
The loveless there will beggars be,
An' mourn their treasure tint.

There knowledge will be counted wealth,
An' wisdom greater still,
But love and virtue mair than a'
Will bear us up the hill.
There modest worth will lift its head
Wi' dignity and grace,
While senseless pride and vain conceit
Will hardly fin' a place.

We carry in oor bosoms, wife,
Oor heav'n or hell, while here;
There ilka ane will be himsel',
Ilk his ain cleedin' wear.
Oor ooter state will there conform
To that whilk is within;
There virtue is its ain reward;
There sin will punish sin.

That death, sae muckle fear'd, guidwife,
By ilka ane on earth,
Is after a', I hae nae doot,
A kin' o' higher birth;—
We cam' into the worl', guidwife,
Withoot oor ain consent,
An' sae we'll gang awa', my lass—
Sae let us be content.

See yonder bonnie butterflee
Oot owre the meadow sail,
Wha noo wad tak' it for the worm
That creeps amang the kail?
An' yet it is the same, guidwife—
That bonnie flauntin' wing
Lay faulded up frae human ken
Within an ugsome thing.

An' sae to folk like us, guidwife,
Is't no a blessed thocht,
That frae this fadin' form o' flesh
A fairer will be wrocht?—
That when the failin' breath gaes oot
The angels gather roun',
To aid the spirit in its flicht
To fairer worl's abune?

I kenna if folk marry, Bess,
In yonder happy hame,
But this I ken—men will be men,
An' women jist the same.
Withoot ilk ither's company
Their bliss wad be despair;
To me, at least, it wad be sae,
If, Bess, thou wertna there.

What's that ye say? we sudna fash
'Bout ony siccan things,
But trust the han' o' Providence,
An' tak' whate'er it brings?—
That ye are neither auld, nor yet
Are ye inclined to dee;
But if I like to dee mysel',
Ye winna hinder me?

O Bess! O Bess! when wilt thou mend
That saunt-provokin' tongue?
Thou'rt still a thorn in my auld sides,
My plague when ye were young;
A sprinkilin' o' common sense
Frae thee I seldom get,
Ye like sae weel to bother me,
My winsome dame, and yet—

We're ripenin' for the hairst, guidwife,
The hairst that comes to a',
The snaws o' eild upon thy broo
Ilk day the whiter fa';
While here, for thee an' me, guidwife,
There's nae abidin' rest,
Yet here, as hence, o' this be sure,
'Twill a' be for the best.

THE STURDY BEGGAR; OR, THE MUCKLE
MEAL-POCK.

AIR—"The Sly Glance."

O, I'm a sturdy beggar loon, weel kent the kintra through,
Wi' a crap for a' corn, whether tatties, meal or woo'.
I lauch wi' the lassies, tell the news, crack a joke.
An' that mak's them kin' to my muckle meal-pock,
 To my muckle meal-pock,
 To my gaucie meal-pock,
O' it's that mak's them kin' to my muckle meal-pock.

Ye may think it's only meal that I carry, but ye're wrang,
There's cakes in't, there's scones in't, o' cheese a denty whang,
An' whiles a bit tobacco, when I want to chew or smoke,
For I hide e'en my failin's in my muckle meal-pock.
 In my muckle, etc.

An' mind ye keep yer thoom on't—it's a secret noo I tell—
Awa' doun at the bottom o't I keep a wee stell,
For farmers' wives are fash'd wi' drouth as weel as ither folk:
There's a wheel within a wheel in my muckle meal-pock,
 In my muckle, etc.

I dae their bits o' erran's when I daunner to the toun—
A lassie's parasol to mend, or whiles a pair o' shoon,
A handle to the parritch pat, a pend'lum to the clock,
They a' fin' a place in my muckle meal-pock,

In my muckle, etc.

I tak' their eggs in dizzens to the clachan or the toun,
An' niffer them for pocks o' tea or sugar white an' broun,
Whiles as mony buns an' baps as a baker's shop wad stock,
They're a' stowed awa' in my muckle meal-pock,

In my muckle, etc.

As lang's the bodies pay me weel I carena a preen,
Be't bumbee's skep, or tattie graip, or lassie's crinoleen.
Na, what d'ye think a farmer said? of course it was in joke—
"Fetch us up a rake o' coals in yer muckle meal-pock,"

In your muckle, etc.

But here hoo I fared wi' my graspin' an' my greed—
For the e'e mair than the stamach is aye waur to feed—
I cramm'd it an' squeez'd it till it was like to choke,
Till I scarcely could wauchel wi' my muckle meal-pock,

Wi' my muckle, etc.

When I cam' to the ford, whaur ye cross the stappin' stanes,
I hitch'd it on my shouthers jist to ease my weary banes,
When the string at the mouth, wi' the wecht within it, broke,
An' oot fell the haurns o' my muckle meal-pock,

O' my muckle meal-pock,

Noo a supple meal-pock,

I was glad to wauchel hame wi' a toom meal-pock.

“ Noo, Iv’e laid awa’ the meal-pock ance dear to my heart,
An’ gotten in its stead baith a cuddie an’ a cart;
I’m a cadger an’ a carrier, an’ rank wi’ dacent folk,
Quite a gentleman compared wi’ the owner o’ a pock,
O’ my muckle meal-pock,
Noo a supple meal-pock.

"CITEEZ—SIR? ONLY A HAPE!" *

—:o:—

WHa's aught the wee lassie that keeps the kerb stane?
Through fair an' foul weather, yet doesna complain;
Wi' a word an' a look for ilk ane that gaes by,
O wha doesna ken the wee news lassie's cry—

"Citeez—sir; Citeez—dae ye want the Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!"

"Tis dreary December, an' keen blaws the blast,
The crowd like a river is hurryin' past;
While like a wee minnow, she's threadin' the maze,
To this ane, noo that ane, she modestly says—

"Citeez—sir? Citeez—dae ye want the Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!"

Her wee feet are shoeless, her frock—oh, sae thin!
Like a sieve fu' o' holes, only lets in the win':
Yet for a' her brave spirit disdains to cry dool,
What! greet for the cauld? na, she's no sic a fool—

"Citeez—sir? Citeez—dae ye want the Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!"

* "Citizen—only a halfpenny."

In the lowne o' some door she cowers in frae the hail,
Her wee heid roof'd owre wi' her tatter'd gown tail;
Yet licht as a bird frae her shelter she'll flee,
To hand oot her han' for the proffered bawbee—

“Citeez—sir? Citeez—dae ye want the Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!”

Frae that wee shilpit face what a story we learn,
O' hardships endured by an ill-fated bairn;
O' some wolf in the fauld or misfortune at hame.
When innocence suffers there's some ane to blame—

“Citeez—sir? Citeez—dae ye want the Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!”

Fair dames o' oor city, wha mak' it yer boast,
To seek oot the needfu' an' succour the lost;
An' ye ha'ena the kindness to bid her come ben,
And warm her cauld feet at yer cosie fire-en'—

Buy at least a “Citeez—mem? the Evenin' Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly, mem? only a hape!”

An' think, frae yer purse as reluctant ye draw
The scanty bit copper—newspapers hale twa
At the least she maun sell, ere ae farden she earn,
Sae grudge na yer mite to the hapless wee bairn—

Then “buy a Citeez—mem? the Evenin' Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!”

Ye mithers especially, wha hae ocht to spare,
Encourage the lassie her burden to bear;
Hunt through your rag-pocks for a pair o' auld shoon,
Or stockings to hap her bare legs frae the win'—
An' buy "the Citeez—mem? the Evenin' Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!"

Even the saucy policeman, wha paces the street,
Protects her frae loons wha wad poach on her beat;
He kens what it is to bide oot in the rain,
An' doesna forget he has bairns o' his ain—
Even buys "the Citeez—sir? the Evenin' Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!"

But braw days are comin' wi' lily broo'd Spring,
When like birds in a bush the wee lassies will sing;
Then like gowd in the pavement the sunlicht will fa',
An' banish the griefs o' the wee hearts awa'—
"Citeez—sir? Citeez—dae ye want the Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!"

Nae doot it's a pity that want should compel
Sae mony puir bodies newspapers to sell;
There's this, though, at least, we can add to the gains
That lichten the lot o' sae mony puir weans—
Then "buy a Citeez—sir? the Evenin' Citeez?
Evenin' or Weekly? it's only a hape!"

JIT FOR JAT;

OR, THE SCUNNER.

A DOUCE divine, an' guid was Maister Mause,
Blest wi' a flock somewhaur ayont the 'Shaws,
Whase muirlan' manners whiles were rather queer—
Droll kin' o' bodies, as belyve ye'll hear.
Attendin' kirk, wi' them was ne'er a passion,
Nor did they gang because it was the fashion;
They gaed, like *honest* folk, when in the tid—
In short, were even-doun in a' they did.

Thus, whether 'twas the climate, or the weather,
The mountain air, fraucht wi' the scent o' heather,
Eatin' fat braxy, or the smell o' peats,
O, this be sure, they were *nae* hypocrites.
Ae day an honest pair cam' to get wed,
An' while the bridegroom to the altar led
His wife-to-be, a' smiles an' maiden blushes,
They seem'd as couthie as twa new-pair'd cushies.

Nae doot, it's aye a maist momentous sicht
To see a human pair in sic a plicht,
Rinnin' sic risks, an' a' for a bit notion,
Thinkin', puir fules! they're in a lan' o' Goshen.
But see them ance their wedded joys grow stale,
Like twa wud cats when tether'd tail to tail,
An' hung oot owre a rape—as I ha'e seen
By ruthless wichts—to scart oot ither's een.

Sae, thocht Mess John, at least, as he began
The ceremony—pointin' to the man—
While to the blushin' bride he solemn said—
“Fair maiden! art thou willin' here to wed
This man, wha claims thee for his lawfu' bride—
The dainty rib lang missin' frae his side?
Say, wilt thou be his wife for weal or woe?
Let's hear thy answer, be it aye or no.”

To me it seems a custom rather odd,
That folk should answer wi' a careless nod
A question sae important an' sae gravé;
In nae sic fashion did *oor* bride behave.
“Weel, sir!” quo' she, “sin' I am boun' to say
What's in my heart, I jist maun answer—nay!
A better chiel ye'll no fin' in a hunner,
But, somehow, at him I ha'e ta'en a scunner.”

The minister looked puzzled, scratch'd his wig;
The bridegroom glour'd like some new-stickit pig;
"Aweel, it seems to me," quo' Maister Mause,
"There's queer folk here, as weel as in the 'Shaws.
For ance ye ha'e escap'd the common fate;
Better to rue in time than when owre late;
Gang hame an' mak' it up, this my command is,
For scunners whiles, ye ken, bring on the jaundice."

A week had hardly passed, when, lo! the pair
Before the marriage altar stood ance mair.
"Sir, an' it please ye," quo' the winsome leddy,
"To wed him noo, I think ye'll fin' me ready."
"I'm glad to hear o't," quo' the minister,
As wi' a pawkie look full bent on her,
He added, "Sin' ye've shown sincerè repentance,
To matrimonial chains I will ye sentence."

But what say ye, sir bridegroom? Will ye ha'e
This woman for thy wife? Say aye or nay,
Answer me, sir, this all-important question,
Whilk, as ye ken, the hale affair does rest on."
The bridegroom lookit up, syne lookit down,
Dichtit his neb, began to claw his croun,
Look'd dubious, the while his head he shook;
The bride, dumfounert, kentna whaur to look.

Amazed, Mess John the question put again,
Then kindly added—"Are ye, sir, in pain?
What's wrang wi' ye, man? Let us hear thee speak!
'Thy bride stan's waitin' wi' a bluidless cheek."
His wits restored, at length the bridegroom spak'—
"This marriage, sir, I think we'd best put back,
No that wi' me, or her, there's ocht the matter,
But jist that I ha'e ta'en a scunner at her.

Depend ye on't, if second thochts are best,
Third anes are better, an' should stan' the test,
Sae let us hame ance mair, my winsome Annie!
Neist time a' will be richt—the third time's canny.
We'll come belyve your reverence before;
Dinna be fear'd, we'll no' gae by your door;
There's naething wrang, sir, tak' my word for that,
But only this—I've gi'en her *tit for tat*."

"Confound ye!" quo' Mess John, "I plainly see
Ye've dune your best to mak' a fule o me;
Ye've brocht disgrace on me, the kirk, the bell,
An' what is waur, sir—on your sinfu' sel',
Noo, harken to my words—May I be shot!
Ere 'tween sic twa I tie the marriage knot;
Be aff! oot o' my sicht! for, by my faith,
I've ta'en a perfect scunner at ye baith!"

NE'RDAY, O!

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WAUK up, guidwife, nae langer lye,
Day-licht is glintin' in the sky,
'This day oor cares we'll a' lay bye,
An' spen' a happy Ne'rday, O!
O' Ne'rday stuffs we're weel laid in,
A sonsy cheese, jist like the mune,
Wi' crumpy cakes, baith thick and thin,
Ye bak'd yersel' for Ne'rday, O!

CHORUS.

We'll lauch, an' daff, an' frisk, an' fling,
An' when o' dancin' tir'd, we'll sing;
We'll gar the wintry welkin ring—
Hooch! dinna ye ken it's Ne'rday, O!

There's ham to fry, short-bread and bun—
When frien's drap in we'll hae sic fun;
Fye, haste! it's time we were begun
To haud oor happy Ne'rday, O!
We'll hae nae drink to fill us fou',
To rive the head an' bite the mou',
An' mak' o' hame a Waterloo,
Like some we ken, at Ne'rday, O!
We'll lauch, etc.

Nae douce folk noo first-fittin' rin,
To fill oor streets wi' fearsome din;
Depend ye on't, they're far behin'
Wha get blin' fou at Ne'rday, O!
We're a' grown steeve abstainers noo;
We mak' nae maut, nae yill we brew;
Langsyne unless we a' gat fou,
We couldna keep the Ne'rday, O!
We'll lauch, etc.

At e'en, guidwife, ye'll gang wi' me,
An' tak' yer place at oor soiree,
There spen' the nicht wi' mirth an' glee,
'Mang sober folks at Ne'rday, O!
The board weel spread wi' wale o' cheer,
Aroun' us frien's an' faces dear;
Nae wonder though the gratefu' tear
Run doon the cheek at Ne'rday, O!
We'll lauch, etc.

At "Forbes" hour, eleven o'clock,
We'll a' steer hame like dacent folk,
An' rise the morn, when craws the cock,
Nae whit the waur o' Ne'rday, O!
Then jump, guidwife' nae langer lye,
Day-licht is glintin' in the sky,
The cares o' life we'll a' lay bye,
An' spen' a happy Ne'rday, O!
We'll lauch, etc.

THE TWA DOUGS.

(NEW VERSION.)

BEING A SEQUEL TO "THE WEE DOUG'S APPEAL."*

OSCAR (*A Publican's Dog*).

"Wow, Afton! it's an awfu' time sin' ye were here aboot;
My gudeness! ye're sae altered, that I maist begin to doot,
As folk say, yer identity—sae fat an' fair ye seem:
Ye're surely in some cook-shop noo, or fed on curds and
cream.

"Yer hair is laid sae smoothly back, yer neck sae sleek an'
braw,
Wi' feet as white as if ye wore a glove on ilka paw;
Sae gracefully ye curl yer tail, sae arch ye cock yer lugs—
There's ups an' downs in life, 'twad seem, amang the very
doug.

"It's no' sae lang, my gentle frien', sin' ye were nae sae fine,
When ilka hair stood frae yer back like birses on a swine;
Yer tautit wame bedraigled a', wi' paidlin' through the dibs;
While through yer skin, sae lank and lean, the bairns wad
count yer ribs.

* See "Kilwuddie" Volume.

"O mony a day afore oor door ye lay upon the flags,
While through the hair yer hainches twa stuck oot like
timmer knags;
Sae weak through want, ye scarce could wag; while mony a
hearty thump
The laddies gied ye wi' a rung oot owre yer baney rump.

"But whaur is Sandy Semple noo?—the man ye serv'd sae
weel,
Wha lang was oor best customer, an' wore oor cauk an' keel;
He canna hae gien owre the drink, the chiel had nae sic wit:
He'll hae drapt aff, like mony mair, in some deep boozin' fit.

"And whaur's the puir young wife that used to come an
spier for him,
While he wad ramp and rave and swear, like ony Satan's
limb,
An' threaten, if she didna gang, to fell her to the grun,
While Maister at the counter stood an' leuch to see the fun?

"An' whaur—or else I'm far mista'en, he had twa bonnie
weans;
I've heard him threaten, in his cups, to knock oot Johnie's
brains.
Hae they, like him, grown ne'er-do-weels? or are the puir
things deid?
Far better they were ta'en awa', than sic a life to lead."

AFTON (*A Teetotaler's Dog*).

"Ay, Oscar, there are ups an' douns 'mang douns nae less
than men :

It's altered days wi' you as weel, I doot ye hardly fen ;
Ye're no sae sleek's ye used to be, nor are ye half sae crouse ;
Say, are ye still in tow wi' him wha keeps the public hoose?

"D'ye mind ye used to growl at me, because I wadna bide
Awa' frae him wha sat an' boozed a' day at your fireside ;
An' though yer master egged ye on to tear me limb frae limb,
Ye still had pity on puir me, though there was nane in him.

"Scul laddies gied me mony a kick, an' ca'd me mony a name,
Yet still to Sandy I was true, though he was sair to blame.
When aff the drink he was sae kin'—fell Drink! 'twas his
mishap ;

Yet aye yer maister plied him wi't as lang's he had a rap.

"But noo wi' us it's altered days—a happy wife is Nell ;
In Sandy there is sic a change—ye'll see it in mysel' ;
He never prees the demon drink, nor joins the drouthy core,
While publicans, abune a' men on earth, he does abhor.

"Wee Jock an' Kate are stout an' hale, weel fed, weel cled,
and clean,

An' kindly Sandy cuddles them when he comes hame at e'en.
O, when I see his brawny arms the bairnies faulded roun',
Oot owre my nose, in spite o' fate, the tear comes happin' doun.

"An' when he strokes my gawsie back, or claps my sonsy hide,
An' ca's me his auld trusty tyke, I wag my tail wi' pride.
Wow, Oscar! 'tis a blessed thing when men come to their sel',
For, while they are the slaves o' drink, hame's jist a perfect
hell."

OSCAR.

"Sic life I ken owre weel about, I see it ilka day,
Sin' maister to the cursed drink *himself* has fa'n a prey:
His family a' hae gane to wrack, his wife drinks like a whale,
Till noo she's like a whisky cask, or tun o' 'Burton' ale.

"He's ta'en a shop whaur decent folk will hardly venture in,
Whaur drucken wives an' duddie weans a' day to ruin rin,
Na; waur—the scum o' woman-kind, the pests o' ilka toun,
Crood in to drink their ill-won gains, the pangs o' thocht to
droun.

"An' sic a tearin' swearin' set! sic aiths dart frae ilk tongue;
Whilk sooner than I wad repeat, I'd let mysel' be hung.
I'm sick o't Afton! real heart sick, an' whiles wish I were deid.
Than bide wi' him in sic a hole I'll rather beg my bread."

AFTON.

"I won'er whiles oor magistrates permit sic dens ava;
An' I were them, an' had the power, I'd steek them ane an' a'.
An' yet if wark-folk had but sense to keep oot o' their reach,
It wad dae mair to steek them up than a' teetotalers preach.

“Ye’ll maybe think I’m prejedeezed, as I’m a temperance
doug;

Yet ’bout their ‘Leagues’ an’ ‘liquor laws’ I never fash my
lug.

The folk that suffer through the drink hae maist themsel’s to
blame,

Yet aye the lash fa’s sairest on the innocent at hame.

“But come an’ join our Temperance folk, they’ll keep ye
bein and braw:

They’ve fatter pigs an’ sleeker hens—in fact they’re kin’ to a’.

I needna bid ye tak’ the pledge, for whisky, ale, or wine

Ne’er crossed yer craig, I daur be sworn, as little hae they
mine.

“An’ after this, I hope an’ trust, nae member o’ oor race

Will eat the bread o’ publican, but count it a disgrace:

Sae come awa’, auld crony mine, frae yon auld badger’s den,

Ye’ll gain respect frae honest dougs, as weel as sober men.”

THE MITHER'S THREE HOPEFULS.

BEING A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

Quo' oor guidwife the ither day, "Guidman, what's to be dune

Wi' thae three steerin' cowts o' oors? 'Twad be a perfect sin
To keep them langer 'boot the hoose, it's time they were at
wark,

An' they'll grow wud as Indians without a shoe or sark.

There's Rab, the loon! as deep's the sea, an' cunnin' as the
deil;

He cheats me to my very face, the graceless ne'er-do-weel!
He'd wile the egg frae 'neath the craw, the bird frae aff the
tree;

An' mair than a' he disna stick to tell a thumpin' lee."

"Giff Rab be as ye say, guidwife, we'll sen' him to the college,
To turn sic talents to accoont he only wants the knowledge;
Talents nae matter whilk, guidwife, should ne'er be flung
awa'—

The best thing we can dae wi' him is breed him to the law."

"Aweel, that seems guid sense, guidman, but there's that
sorra Tam,

I ne'er hae seen his marrow yet for a' sae auld's I am ;
He clips the whiskers o' the cat, the legs pu's frae the flees,
He's aye the first in a' mischief, torments ilk thing he sees ;

He reeves the nests o' helpless birds—na, waur, their bluid
he spills,

An' e'en the puir wee puddocks aft in wanton sport he kills :
For gudesake pit him to a trade, to me he's sic a fyke,
I carena what it be, guidman,—a cadger an' ye like."

"Na, na, my lass, that winna dae, nature maun hae its will ;
The greatest men on earth, guidwife, hae had the forte to
kill,

In cuttin' aff folks legs an arms, at least, his gift may be—
He'll be a famous doctor yet, an' that ye'll live to see."

"Aweel, guidman ; but there is Jock, sae little in his head,
The maister thinks it doubtfu' yet if e'er he learn to read ;
A haveral-hash, wi' head as saft as a cahoutchie ba',
What we're to make o' him, guidman, I dinna see ava."

"Hoots, Maggie lass ! for ilka pin there's aye been made a
hole,

The fleetest racer e'er ye saw was ance a shaughlie foal ;
But let us see—hoots aye ! guidwife, *his* trade's no ill to
wale—

We'll make the coof a minister if a' thing else should fail."

"Ye're aye the same auld stick, guidman, for ever makin'
fun,

You an' the bairns will turn my heid, an' that as sure's a
gun!

Far better ye wad haud your tongue than crack sic senseless
jokes,

Especially on the ministers, for they're no ornar folks."

"We're a' John Tamson's bairns, guidwife, frail man can
but be man,

While wi' the gifts we hae we maun jist dae the best we can;
Sae never fash your lug, guidwife, aboot oor rogies three,
They'll be themsel's, be't guid or ill, in spite o' you or me.

HITHER AND YON.

AIR—"Maggie M'Kie."

O WAE on the day when oor Bessy
Cam' into this druckensome toun,
For there ne'er was a thriftier lassie
In a' the hale kintra roun'.
But soon wi' ill neebors she fell in,
To me though she never loot on ;
I saw by the look o' oor dwellin',
That Bess was gaun hither and yon.

CHORUS.

Sae lassies beware o' the drappie,
Or ablins ye'll hae to atone ;
The woman was never yet happy,
Wha learnt to gae hither and yon.

Hersel' and her hoose alike toozie,
Negleckit baith Johnie an' Nell ;
For Bess, when she used to get boozy
Could hardly tak' care o' hersel'.
Instead o' a bonnie trig kimmer,
Her claes wi' a graip seem'd flung on,
On me she brak' oot like a limmer
Whene'er she gaed hither and yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

Meanwhile my heart breaking wi' sorrow,
Sair toilin' a leevin' to win,
A neebor's pass-key I maun borrow
At e'en, or I wadna get in.
Then 'stead o' a weel cookit dinner,
A drap o' sour milk an' a scone;
For Bessy hersel', the puir sinner,
Was sure to be hither and yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

My mither cam' in frae Kilwuddie
Ance eeran', expectin' to see
Her young folks weel daein' and steady,
An' ilka thing tosh to the e'e;
But though it was naething by ornar,
The sicht made the auld bodie groan,
For snorin' asleep in a corner
Lay Bessy, a' hither an' yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

Now, mither's an auld farran' bodie,
To ilka ane's failin's a freen',
Instead o' gaun on like a rowdy,
Fell to like a gilpie to clean;
Weel kenin' that Bess when she wauken'd,
Wi' shame wad be like to gae on,
Whereas if her name she had blacken'd,
The mair she'd gane hither and yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

O blessin's on thee, my auld mither!
It cam' about jist as she said,
For Bess, when her senses cam' till her,
Wi' shame couldna haud up her heid;
But sabbin', cried "Oh, dinna lea' me!
I've been sair to blame, I maun own,
But, Johnie lad, if ye'll forgie me,
I'll nae mair gae hither an' yon."
Sae, lassies, etc.

Noo, ye'll scarce fin' a woman mair steady,
Ance mair I'm the blythest o' men;
She busks hersel' noo like a leddy,
An' keeps baith a but an' a ben.
What though she whiles likes to be maister,
An' threatens the breeks to put on,
I dinna count that a disaster—
It's no like gaun hither an' yon.
Sae lassies, etc.

NE'R-DAY NOO.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."

WHa's at the door, Johnie? gae open't, ye loon!
Is't you, my auld crony, come, sit your wa's doun;
A happy new year to ye! hoo dae ye do?
Od, I canna believe this is Ne'r-day noo.

CHORUS.

Are ye really quite sure this is Ne'r-day noo?
It's a shame I declare! if it's Ne'r-day noo;
Wi' ilka ane sober, an' naebody fou,
Hoo are we to ken when it's Ne'r-day noo?

On Ne'r-day noo, if paradin' the street,
A couthie auld crony ye happen'to meet,
Instead o' a toothfu', it's "Hoo dae ye do?"
Od, I canna believe this is Ne'r-day noo.

Are ye really, etc.

We've braw sons an' dochters, oor Maggie an' me,
But sae daft aboot cookies, dementit wi' tea,
It's oot o' the question for me to get fou,
Od, there's no sic a thing at oor Ne'r-days noo,
Are ye really, etc.

We hae scones an' oat-cakes, a braw kebbuck o' cheese,
Wi'ither sweet stuffries oor gabbies to please;
A fire that wad roast the hale side o' a coo;
It's a treat to be leevin' at Ne'r-day noo.

Are ye really, etc.

It's no, dae ye see, that I want to complain,
For we're bein, an' weel theekit, man, wifie, an' wean,
But there's something awantin', I dinna ken hoo,—
Ye ken what I mean?—at oor Ne'r-days noo.

Are ye really, etc.

But after a' jokin', it's maybe as weel
That the maut shouldna stan' in the place o' the meal;
Ye needna let on, but atween me an' you,
There are fewer sair noddles at Ne'r-day noo.

Are ye really, etc.

WEE JEANIE.

—:o:—

SAE tenderly, sae tenderly, the bairnie blossom grew,
Jist like the wee wood-sorrel flower that's nurs'd wi' pearly
dew;

Sae bonnily, sae bonnily, she toddled oot an' in—
'The folk said a' she wisna lang for this dark worl' o' sin.

Yet aye we didna heed their freets, but thanked the Lord
again,

Wha spak' sae kindly to oor hearts through this wee guileless
wean;

Her wee feet pattered through the hoose, like streamlet
through a dell,

While in oor ear her joyous laugh rang like a siller bell.

An' when we saw her on her knees, wi' claspit han's, at
e'en,

An' saw the earnest upturned face the waves of gowd
between,

An' heard her lisp the simple words o' her short e'ening
prayer,

We felt as if oor een beheld an angel kneelin' there!

Though she was but oor brither's wean oor hearts ower her
did yearn,
As mither best can tell wha lo'es a dautit only bairn;
The ae wee rosebud on oor bush—oor pasture's ae pet lamb,
The licht o' life gaed when she gaed—cam' wi' her when she
cam'.

Her faither warsled sair to get their heads abune the brae,
But aye stern poortith held them down for a' that he could dae;
The thrifty mither did her best their scanty means to hain,
An' blest the Lord they were sae rich, possess'd o' sic a wean.

Oh! isna it a blessed thocht that hames, howe'er sae puir,
Put on a bloom o' Paradise, when human flow'rets fair
God plants aroun' the lowliest hearths?—Jist sic a hame was
theirs,

While day by day the todlin' feet trod down its thorny cares.

The lilies they maist lo'ed to cull were kisses frae her broo—
Her een their sweet forget-me-nots, aye wet wi' shinin' dew;
The laughin' dimples on her cheeks, their budded roses rare—
Their gowden dawn, when parted locks revealed that face
sae fair.

An' aye the music o' her lips fell sweetly as a psalm,
Where'er she gaed her presence brought the sunshine an'
the calm, [learn,
E'en strangers frae her artless ways could deep love lessons
An' as they smilin' turned awa', wad bless the wondrous bairn.

But to the toilin' pair at length cam guid news frae afar;
High in the welkin o' the west Hope hung her radiant
star—

Soon they were borne oot o' oor sight, far owre the western
main,

An' wi' them her we lo'ed sae weel—oor dautit, darlin' wean.

Oh mony were the tears we shed that day they gaed awa';
Oor thochts sae dwelt upon the bairn asleep we couldna fa';
Day after day, nicht after nicht, we felt the stounin' pain,
Yet frae the grief still grew the hope o' meetin' her again.

Soon cam' the news, the happy news! hoo they were safe
an' weel;

'Mang Scottish hearts—though far awa'—they'd gained a
cosy biel,

Leal-hearted frien's to tak' the place o' them they'd left
behin',

Yet thochts that yearned for us nae less to Scotland still
wad rin'.

Then ither letters cam' belyve, that tell't hoo weel they
thrive—

Hoo they could leeve noo on the best, forbye some siller
save;

Wee Jeanie wisna jist hersel—the “kink-hoast,” that was a',
The bairn wad be hersel' again within a week or twa.

We waited weary for the next, an' hop'd a' micht be weel;
It cam'—an' oh! we guessed the warst as soon's we saw the
 seal,

An' though it lay before us there, the page we couldna read,
But through the blindin' tears we saw oor darlin' bairn was
 deid.

They did their best to keep her here, they socht the wale o'
 skill,

But paler grew the wee white face, the wee feet caulder still,
Yet to the last her infant lips wad lisp the Saviour's name,
An' aye her thochts flew back to us, wha lo'ed her sae at
 hame.

She lisp'd oor lov'd names to the last—the last! sae near at
 han';

Her pure soul sweetly passed awa' as stars melt frae the
 dawn;

Her parents sair bewail their loss, yet bow beneath the rod—
What seems the warst may prove the best—sae be it, O our
 God!

THE BLUE-BELL WUD.

A COMPLAINT FROM THE BAIRNS.

AGGIE.

ARE ye comin' sister Jean, to the blue-bell wud?
There sic ferlies to be seen in the blue-bell wud,
Whaur the blythe wee birdies sing, as they flutter on the
wing,
A' to welcome back the spring to the blue-bell wud.

It's no' alane the hyacinths that bloom sae bonnie there,
Wi' their curly bells a' noddin' in the balmy simmer air,
But snawy robed anemones, like stars, the grun' bestud,
An' twinkle through the mazes o' the blue-bell wud.

An' bonnier than a' the lave, that fairy o' a flower,*
Wha hides its head among the moss when fa's the peltin'
shower,
But opes it's pencil'd blossom when sunlight in a flood,
Fa's streamin' through the branches o' the blue-bell wud.
Whaur the well rins owre wi' crystal 'neath the shadow o'
the pine,
We'll pu' the gowden starnies o' the little celandine,
An' there within a mossy nook, by ilka ane unseen,
'Twa fair primroses nestle—but we winna pu' them, Jean!

* The wood-sorrel—*Oxalis acetosella*.

We'll busk them into bonnie babs o' yellow, white, an' blue,
Syn'e hie us hame before the sun has sipped frae them the dew:
But first we'll prank a sprig o' thorn, wi' crimson daisies fair,
While twa-three o' the bonniest we'll twine among oor hair.

D'ye ken I aften wander to the blue-bell wud my lane,
To sit an' dream a' to mysel', beside the mossy stane;
I hear saft voices whisper lovin' thochts that gar me
smile,
While, like saft kisses on my cheek, the sunlicht fa's the
while.

There's something in the flowers, Jean, but what I canna' tell,
That steals, methinks, into my heart frae every openin' bell,
That minds me o' my mither's look when, cradled on her
knee,

I used to lie an' watch the face that beamed wi' love to me.

Noo, come awa' dear Jeanie, while the mornin' sun is fine;
But say, what means that wistfu' look? what ails thee, sister
mine?

We winna fret aboot the past, but aff like maukens scud
To thread the flowery mazes o' the blue-bell wud.

JEANIE.

I'm wae to vex ye, Aggie, when I ken ye hae been ill,
Yet 'twas cruel o' the leddy—e'en the leddy o' Camphill—
To sen' a muckle policeman to fleg the bairns awa',
An' noo a' roun' the bonnie wud they've raised a palin' wa'.

'They've rais'd a palin' wa', an made prisoners o' the trees,
The hyacinths, forget-me-nots, an' fair anemones;
We'll only get a blink o' them as mournfully we pass,
As they bend their dewy heads to weep among the tender
grass.

Sae, fare ye weel, thou bonnie wud! ye flow'rets a' fareweel!
Be thankfu' that ye haena human hearts, like us to feel;
Yer silken blossoms in the wud we'll never gather mair,
Sin' they grudge the very gowans to the children o' the puir.

AGGIE.

That's wae fu' news to me, Jean; it maun ha'e been the man
Wha tak's the charge o' her affairs—the steward o' her lan',
It couldna be the leddy, for a kinder heart I'm sure,
Ne'er beat in woman's bosom to the children o' the puir.

Nae doot the steerin' laddies muckle mischief often dae,
Breakin' doun the slaps and fences on the very Sabbath day,
A' to chase the frichtit maukens, as they through the plantin'
whud,
Or spoil the nests o' birdies in the blue-bell wud.

Oh! waes me for the birdies! wha's to hear their liltin' noo?
An' wha's to meet the tender gaze o' speedwells saft and
blue?

Ilk bonnie flower will miss us, as sure as we'll miss them—
'They'll dee for very loneliness and wither on the stem.

JEANIE.

Oh! it's my opinion, Aggie, the rich are sair to blame,
To snool puir folk and haud them doun seems still their
only aim;
'They micht as weel deprive us o' the sunshine and the
showers,
As tak' frae us the waving wuds an' earth's wee wildin'
flowers.

The flowers belang to a'budy, an' no to her alane;
'They'll blossom for the bairnies when she is dead and gane;
An' bairnie's ears will listen here to sang o' bee and bird
When she an' us, dear Aggie, are asleep aneath the yird.

AGGIE.

Nae doot it was the Good Man wha made the flowerets wee,
As little doot but they were made to please ilk bairnie's e'e:
But, oh, I canna bear to think the ledddy o' Camphill,
To warkfolk's weans though e'er so puir, wad dae a turn sae
ill.

'They say when but a lassie, Jean; a lassie like oursels,
She ran about wi' lichtsome feet 'mang Arran's flowery fells;
Sae, she maun lo'e ilk blythsome bird and flower that brings
to min'
'The days that made sae licht o' heart the lassie o' langsyne.

Lament! lament! ye bairnies, sad captives o' the toun!
There wisna sic a bonnie wud in a' the kintra roun'
For speedwells, and forget-me-nots, and hyacinths sae blue,
While in oor drinkin' cans at hame sae bonnily they grew.

O bairnies! yet be thankfu' ye hae a saul divine
That treasures up sic memories o' joys that winna tine;
That hyacinths, forget-me-nots, an' ilka fragrant bud
May blossom in a bairnie's heart as weel as in the wud.

THE RIVER.

AN ALLEGORY.

AWAY in the silent moorland,
All treeless bleak and bare,
From a rock in a lonely corrie
I well'd into upper air:
With the granite for my cradle,
Its veil the boulder's shade,
While the music that first lull'd me
Was the sound my waters made.

Then I heard the low faint tinkle
Made by the sad sheep-bell,
As its wearer stoop'd its head to drink
Out of my crystal well.
And there through a mossy channel
In the grey rock smoothly worn,
I stole away on the journey of life,
A stream just newly born.

How still and peaceful the moorland,
How blue was the bending sky
O'er the pool where I lay to rest on my way
And gather a fresh supply;
Then I hied me on my journey,
For I heard the welcome sound
Of a sister streamlet coming
To meet me with joyous bound.

Where the willows wave, and their shadows
On the grass play like a net
To entrap the straggling sunbeams,
Our kindred waters met.
And we laugh'd and sang together
As from the linn's steep stair
The snowy spray went floating away
To blend with the viewless air.

Meandering playfully onward,
How bright the changing scene!
No longer the brown of the moorland,
But pastures of yellow and green,—
Yellow with golden crowfoot,
Green with the cultur'd grass,
And sweet with the breath of browsing kine
Are the sunny fields I pass.

No longer the eerie silence
That follows the curlew's cry,
But the collie's bark and the kine herd
Humming a roundelay,
From hazel copse and covert
Flit birds on shining wing,
From dim arcades of sheltering woods
The thrush and blackbird sing.

There, rises the ivy'd ruin
Like the ghost of feudal times ;
Now, I hear the hum of the village
More sweet than church-bell chimes ;
The joyous shout of boyhood,
The laugh that knows no care,
While mingling come the riper notes
Of men and maidens fair.

With the children chasing the minnows,
Fair maidens gossiping near,
I fain would pause on my journey
And listen with curious ear :
Fain would I listen and linger
Amid a scene so fair,
Were it only to mirror the faces
That beam so divinely there.

But a voice aye urges me onward.

Ah! there is no rest for me,
Till lost in the mighty ocean—
Absorb'd in the boundless sea!
How fair are the scenes and varied,
Through which I gaily pass,
And I treasure them up as they pictur'd lie
Deep down in my liquid glass.

And aye I grow stronger and broader,
As, bounding from dingle and dell,
Come rivulet, runnel, and ripple,
My limpid wealth to swell;
Till now, behold me, a river!
With broad majestic flow,
Through ducal woods and policies
With silent sweep and slow:

Caring for him who owneth
Broad acres and feudal towers,
As little as for the rooks that build
Unasked in his sylvan bowers,
The woods from my path are retiring
As along the vale I sweep,
Where the salmon and the speckled trout
From my eddying waters leap.

In my sunless caves and crannies
The timid otter hides,
While over my breast when the dusk steals down,
The grey wing'd ousel glides.
The opening glens are bringing
Their tribute at every turn,
And I welcome them all both great and small,
White cascade and level burn.

Now, to the left my waters
Are fenced with a rocky wall,
While over the silent woods beneath
The twilight shadows fall.
Here man disputes my passage
With his weir and cumbrous mill,
But I dash along with defiant song,
And laugh at his puny will.

Now my banks are low and level,
And the breeze brings odours sweet
From orchard, field, and meadow,
Through the golden haze of the wheat;
And away in the dreary distance
I see a hazy cloud,
With spectral objects looming
Out grimly as from a shroud.

Can yon be the far-famed city
That haunts me in my dreams?
In the glare of the dying sunset,
Like a demon's face it gleams,—
The Queen of the West that sitteth
Enthron'd on her humming mills,
The home and haunt of millions,
And, alas! of countless ills :

Famed for its fount of learning,
Famed for its princely wealth,
No less for its sin and suffering
And wanton waste of health.
I am full of a dark foreboding ;
By a force I cannot repel,
I am dragged like a felon spirit
On, on, to the gates of hell.

And still as it urges me onward
I moan in my deep distress,
O that I had never deserted
My home in the wilderness!
Where I might have lived contented,
My tranquil depths unstirr'd,
To thirst a foe, and to all a friend—
To man and beast and bird.

Approaching in timid wonder,
All in the gloamin grey,
A thousand vanes still shimmer,
In the light of the dying day.
I see the yawning arches,
Through which I'm doom'd to pass,
With the lamp-lights dimly reflected
Below in my wavering glass.

Now whence those deadly currents,
This sick'ning sense that creeps
Through all my frame of liquid life,
Polluting its virgin deeps,
Spoiling me of the purity
I brought from my parent spring,
Robbing me of the innocence
That made me laugh and sing—

! Making me hate my very self,
And curse my turbid tide,
As out from the bridge's gloomy gorge
A plague-struck thing I glide?
And oh! what fearful objects
Lie hid 'neath my hateful flood,
From the murder'd wife to the deadly knife
That drank her warm heart's blood.

Another! the homeless outcast,—
To be rid of the hopeless fight,
I can see her leap from the archway steep,
'Neath the stars with their pitying light.
And I see deeds done in the darkness
That fill me with horror and dread,
Womanly virtue roll'd in the dust,
And sold for a morsel of bread.

Not all the wealth of the city,
Nor the forest of ships I see,
Can lighten my woe for a moment
Or yield one glad thought to me;
For their swift recoiling paddles
My filth-fed waters churn;
I hate the thing I'm forced to be—
With bootless wrath I burn.

One hope in the dreary future
Alone is left to me—
To lay my loathsome burden
At the feet of the great blue Sea.
Wilt spurn from thee, Mother Ocean,
Thy child thus polluted and black?
Fain would I hasten to meet thee,
But the tide still beats me back!

Even now, from the far off billows,
A voice is wafted to me,
In tones of sweet benediction—
'Tis the voice of the grand Old Sea.
Oh! give me again, great mother,
But purity's priceless wealth,
Clasped to thy bosom, let me feel
The throb of returning health!

Now, caught by her large green billows,
My flood from its taint they free,
Deep underneath her weed-fringed feet
The foul thing trampleth she.
Tear me to shreds, ye tempests!
Dash me aloft in spray!
Do what ye will, so that from all ill
Ye bear me for ever away!

Ye flashing, finny creatures,
That sport in my waters clear,
The poison that was my undoing
No longer need ye fear.
This conflict with death once over,
And the purging process done,
My crystal lymph shall sparkle
In the glory of the sun,—

Shall gleam in the eyes of the morning
In tears of diamond dew,
Or sail thro' the air with the cloudrack fair
Away o'er the boundless blue,
In robes of the tinted rainbow,
To water the thirsty plain,
But never I trust, O never,
To be a river again!

THE TWO SINGERS.

—:0:—

IN a nameless nook of the fair green earth
Two fountains of music at once had birth—
The one a streamlet, fresh and new,
That mirror'd in beauty the sky's deep blue,
Hiding from sight like a maiden coy,
Singing the while a sweet song of joy.
And wherever it went the wild flowers grew—
Daisy and buttercup, speedwells blue,
Snowy convolvulus, starworts white
Festoon'd the bushes with bells of light;
Fragrant meadow-sweet scented the air,
Globe-flower and kingcup golden grew there,
Just kissing the cottager's garden plot
Where it floated the schoolboy's tiny boat;
It warbled a stave at the cottage door,
Then away on its shining path as before,
Lost in wonderment, leaving me
To ponder the cause of its ceaseless glee.
But when the sun shone fierce at noon,
No longer I heard its blythe sweet tune;
Like a pale white ghost it was gliding on high—
Its waters had vanished, its bed was dry.

The other, a bird of plumage grey,
Burst into song at the dawn of day,
Tossing to earth the diamond dew,
As soaring and singing it skyward flew.
Rain-showers of melody! rare, O rare!
Gladdened the green earth, sprinkled the air;
Garlands invisible, blossoms that shed
Odours of ecstasy high overhead.
Clouds in their jonrneying paused 'mid the blue,
Gnats, less bewildering, eddy'd and flew,
Flowers ope'd their chalices, eager to hear,
Brimful of pearly ore, liquid and clear.
There too, a maiden, fair as the day,
Leant on her rake 'mid the tedded hay,
Drinking delight from the quivering air,
Shaking the curls of her golden hair
From her brow as she watched the singer afar
Melting from sight like the morning star.

Streamlet and bird though no longer I see,
Still in my heart they are singing to me;
Bidding me hope for their coming again—
The bird to its nestlings, the streamlet in rain.

TO THE SWALLOW.

—:o:—

ALOFT on the pine branch the wild cushat broods,
The birds with their melodies wake the old woods,
The winds on the tree tops are harping with glee;
Then Swallow! Swallow! come over the sea!

The hedges are budded, white blossomed the sloe,
In green mossy nooks the pale primroses blow,
From the sun-flooded banks comes the song of the bee;
Then Swallow! Swallow! come over the sea!

The hazel drops gold from her bird-haunted bower,
The willows are hid in a silvery shower,
The daisies are out, and are looking for thee;
Then Swallow! Swallow! come over the sea!

We know by thy coming that Summer is near,
John Frost and his cantrips no longer we fear,
The streams are unfetter'd, joy-sparkling, and free;
Then Swallow! Swallow! come over the sea!

Come with thy blue neck and velvety wing,
Come to my casement, though thou can'st not sing—
From thy nest in the eaves thou wilt twitter to me;
Then Swallow! Swallow! come over the sea!

Bird of the sunlight, sent down from above
To gladden our hearts with thy message of love,
Without thee our dwellings would desolate be;
Then Swallow! Swallow! come over the sea!

To cleave the blue air, the still waters to skim,
Where the gnats mazy dance in the twilight so dim;
Dear bird, we are waiting—yea, longing for thee!
Then, Swallow! Swallow! come over the sea!

HOIST THE DRUM.

—:O:—

THE clock strikes eight, the day is done,
In sullen splendour sets the sun ;
Inland afar the gulls take flight,
I fear we'll have a storm to-night.

Hoist the Drum !

The weathercock impatient wheels,
As if some foe were at his heels,
From west to east, from east to west,
Seeking in vain some point to rest.

Hoist the Drum !

The hurrying smoke now in, now out
The chimney-cans, is dashed about ;
Men, women, on the crowded way,
With wistful looks the clouds survey.

Hoist the Drum !

The watch-dog howls, the kine look scared,
And seek for shelter to the yard ;
By ford, what though no kelpie shrieks,
Far more portentous silence speaks.

Hoist the Drum !

Sounds half imagined mock the ear,
The ocean's distant moan I hear,
Where sank the sun, the cloudy rack
Is wiping out his blood-red track.

Hoist the Drum!

The "weather clerk," supremely wise,
In eyrie perch'd surveys the skies—
Science with nature there combines,
And breathless notes their warning signs.

Hoist the Drum!

Away on wings of viewless fire
His timely warning skims the wire,
From point to point, all round our coast,
This message bears his fleet-winged post,

Hoist the Drum!

O'erhead the clouds are marching fast
Like hounds in leash, the storm, the blast,
The bounding bark eyes far ahead,
To catch the breeze her white wings spread.

Hoist the Drum!

Woe to the ships now homeward bound,
Round stormy cape, o'er dangerous sound;
The winds let loose in fury fly,
Lifting the billowy mountains high.

Hoist the Drum!

Not for the ships our souls we vex,
Rather for those who pace their decks,
The men who stand with bated breath,
Ready for duty or for death.

Hoist the Drum!

In many a home the anxious wife
Entreats her God for one dear life;
The infant, startled from its rest,
Nestles yet closer to her breast.

Hoist the Drum!

The forests flout the angry skies,
On night's black wing destruction flies;
The houses rock, the steeples reel,
What horrors shall the dawn reveal?

Hoist the Drum!

The drum is up, thus duly warn'd—
For death or life alike fore-arm'd—
Face boldly what we cannot flee;
Meanwhile, still let our watchword be,

Hoist the Drum!

SARTOR RESARTUS!

OR, THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN.

THE tailor is a mighty man,
Far greater than a king,
His matchless worth no words can tell,
No lips his praises sing.
Dame Nature hews us in the rough,
And does the best she can,
A two-legg'd savage she can make—
The tailor makes the man.

The coatless clown is nobody,
The meanly clad are vile;
Above all men we honour him
Whose coat is cut in "style."
To him we bend in deep respect,
His faults we may not scan;
Then stand aside and let him pass,
This tailor-moulded man!

But for the tailor, who could tell
The rich man from the poor,
Since Nature makes us all alike—
The noble and the boor;
In broad-cloth greatness shows itself,
Confute me if you can,
Nobility's ne'er found in frieze,
The tailor makes the man.

Why Nature dost thou bungle so?
Poor modeller in dust!
Thy choicest specimens excell'd
By every barber's bust,
To Art thy rival, bind thyself,
Apprentice, while you can,
There learn with shears and lapboard how
To make a perfect man.

Worth, genius, talent, wit, are but
An extra ounce of brain,
They have most wit who still affect,
To view such with disdain.
To cry down what we don't possess
Is still the wisest plan;
No need to tell, for all know well,
The tailor makes the man!

A king can manufacture lords,
A college make D. D.s,
But which is which no man can tell,
They're all as like as peas,—
At least clad in their native buff;
For since the world began,
Among mankind you'll ever find
The tailor makes the man.

'Then let us hold the tailor high,
Above both priest and king;
Extol his name, spread wide his fame,
With trump and twanging string;
For but for him we still might herd
With the ourang-outang,
Creation's lord is *made*, not *born*—
The tailor makes the man!

TO A WILD DAISY.

—:O:—

DAISY darling! pet of flowers,
Playmate of our youthful hours,
Shining on the verdant lea
Like a pearl amid the sea;
All the night long dews distil,
Stealing down thy tinted frill,
Glittering on thy clustered leaves,
Like the network fairy weaves.
Changing never—still the same
As when first I lisp'd thy name:
Human faces will grow strange,
But in thee we find no change:
Making glad the desert way,
Springing most where children play,
Like a cup when skies are blue,
Folded up when falls the dew.
Chaucer, in his quaint kind way,
Named thee well, "Ye eye of day;"
First to leave thy mossy bed,
And uplift thy dewy head,

First to catch the kindling rays,
Slanting through the golden haze.
Sweet to me thy gladsome greeting;
Hardly can I help repeating—
Wealth and fame, now you may go!
Bliss ye have not to bestow;
O'er my soul ye have no power—
More I love this simple flower.
Earth, however fair and wide,
Hath no other flower beside—
How it comes I cannot tell—
Holds me with such witching spell.

Star-like blossom, eye of day,
Shining on earth's darkling way,
Not in vain methinks thou'rt sent
To this nether firmament.
Though ten thousand heedless pass
Thee unnoticed 'mong the grass,
None the less thy boss of gold
Hath a story to unfold.
Something in thy look I see
Speaks of God's great love to me;
Something that methinks doth tell
Of a world where all is well;
Something in thee bids me trust
All things crumble not to dust:

To my silent questionings,
To my soul's deep whisperings,
Still thou giv'st this mute reply—
"Things worth loving cannot die."
Daisy! canst thou tell me ought
Of this spirit deep inwrought,
With its fiery waves of thought?
Does the mystery in me
Solve itself in things like thee?
What is life? it is akin
To form without or thought within?
Say, may we in nature trace
Something of a scheme of grace?
May I in God's mercy trust,
Manifest in Christ? or must
I in fires eternal toss?
Or love prevail, and burn my dross
Till, like thee, white-robed, I glow?
Daisy, canst thou tell me? No!

When the cold earth wraps my head,
Wilt thou dapple my green bed?
And from some lone passer-by
Draw the tribute of a sigh?
And when little children run
Out to bask them in the sun,

Should they wander to my grave,
Where thy snowy blossoms wave,
And some one in accents low—
Half in sorrow, half in dread—
Ask who owns that narrow bed,
Tell them this, this only tell—
“He whose ashes sleep below,
Loved both flowers and children well.”
Lastly, daisy, tell me this—
Shall I then find happiness?

Ne'er a word the daisy said.
From her bosom, sunward-spread,
Shone a golden radiance round,
But no syllable, no sound:
Only in her lifted eye
Could I read this mute reply—
“With humility and meekness
God abideth—strength in weakness,
Beauty shrined in meanest things,
Music in the simplest strings.
To the haven of the blest,
Choose the path that seems the best:
This at least will lead thee to it—
‘Learn thy Maker’s will, *and do it.*’”

N A T U R E .

—:o:—

HERE, by this stream, I fain would lay me down;
Methinks its friendly murmur bids me stay,
While the cool leaves invite me to repose.
A scene more lovely scarcely could the soul
Look out on from its earthly tenement.
Just such as for itself it would create,
If by an arbitrary act of will
It could control the stubborn elements,
And shape its outer world to that within.
Deep in the solemn shadow of this large
Leaved sycamore, I'll lay me down and rest,
Now that the regal orb hath all but reach'd
The burning key-stone of the day's blue arc,
That fervid hour when Nature seeks repose,
When birds and beauteous living things grow mute
And seek the cooling shelter of the shade.
And yet, not all, how mellow, from the ford
Down yonder where the level waters glide,
Ring out upon the air the laughter-chimes
Of sweet child voices—sweet to listen to,—

Captives escaped a while from city homes,
And the restraint unhappily imposed
Upon the restless energies of youth,
Glad to emerge into the higher range
Of Nature's more congenial repose,
That rest of motion, wrongly deemed unrest,
Revealed in the activities of life.
Things wanting life no less, the balmy breeze
That stirs the azure pool, and waves the wheat;
In swaying woods, and dancing summer leaves;
In leaping lambkins and in browsing herds;
Or in that living mystery, the light,
Angel of wide-spread wing, first-born of God,
Sustaining, blessing, beautifying all,
By all things welcomed, worshipped, nor withheld
From meanest of God's creatures, hence divine—
The smile of God's own countenance benign
Shed down in love as he well pleased beholds
The myriad forms of beauty he hath made,
Bathing the rocky ribs of Mother Earth,
Flooding her valleys, while her mountain peaks
Swim in this ether of the Infinite.
No wonder children revel in the light,
And take delight in happy living things,
From light derived, the bird, the leaf, the flower,
With pendant bee or insect on the wing,
How deeply in my soul I sympathise

With you, with all rejoice! My God!
This is the very ecstasy of rest.

Who prates to me of law? I know no law
Higher than that which God hath written on
This deathless spirit,—rules me from within,
Which bids me live unfetter'd, fearless, free
To choose the path which leads to heaven or hell.
Laws are for children, fools, or passion's slaves;
Sermons for sucklings; creeds, the leading-strings
Of such as lack the manhood to be free.
Perish the law would interpose between
My soul and God. God present in these woods,
Those silent rocks, this leafy solitude,
This stream which still keeps talking to itself
As I with my own thoughts hold converse now.
Thou, Nature, art to me, religion, law;
Thy hills my Sinai, and wide space thy fane;
Thy Author, mine no less, the mighty God,
On whose fair foot-stool—Earth, I lay me down
In deep humility to kiss his feet;
While all around, where'er I turn mine eyes,
I read His autograph, and there revealed
Gospels innumerable and decalogues,
Older by ages than that Hebrew one,
Which finds in each an echo from within,
By which alone we know it is divine.

But, hark! again those bells of innocence,
Like seraph music pealing from afar,
Known only to the ears of dying men.
I see them now, down yonder at the bend,
Where widening out to kiss its pebbly marge,
The stream presents to little paddling feet
A glassy pathway to the other side;
Where all aglow the thickly blossomed furze
Strews the green carpet with bright flakes of gold;
Where waving azure bells sweetly awake
The mystic melody of fairy chimes;
Or where yon hawthorn copse inviting hangs
Its odorous wealth; or where the meadow sweet
Uplifts its lace-wove banners to the breeze.
O bliss to infant souls, beyond compare!
Would for your sakes I were a child again!

How swift the hours speed when the soul is pleas'd!
Yonder, already, from the village church
Wend hitherward the rustic worshippers,
Uplifted with a sense of having done
God service—having each submitted to
The weekly drill, so strenuously enforced,
Of sitting, standing, listless, or asleep;
Or if awake, to listen dreamily
To utterances of the olden time—
What men of old believed and taught of God—

Forgetful that in every human soul,
Still more or less, the Godhead is revealed.
To heaven, how many paths! Yet men love most
Those beaten by the footsteps of dead sires.
Perhaps 'tis well such souls are spared the pain
Of thought-birth, and the travail long endured
By those who hew an opening for themselves.
And yet, methinks, no pathway can be wrong
That leads the weary wanderer home at last.
Nearer they come, nor less a pleasing sight,
A motley throng—young, old and middle-aged—
The aged, with tottering steps and looks austere;
The peasant maiden, whose sweet looks bespeak
Pure thought, warm heart, and all that makes
The crown and glory of true womanhood;
The stalwart youth, intent to catch her eye,
Strides past, and feels himself a king if she
But deign to bless him with a passing look;
The lagging young folks more intent to watch
The minnow-shoal manœuvre in the brook,
Or nests in leafy nooks they dare not scan.
But why on me thus bend your lowering brows,
Ye favourites of heaven, elect of God?
Doubtless my presence here, on this blest day,
Disturbs the current of your pious thoughts;
Disturbs calm Reason's ray, and makes you see
In me a desecrator of God's day,

A child of evil, vessel of God's wrath,
Brand for the teeth of unrelenting fires
That endless prey upon the non-elect.
What matter, brethren, if God wills it so?
But, see! in refutation of your creed—
Behold his blessed sunshine falls on me;
'To me, caressing, come the waving winds,
Bringing love-offerings from sweet-breath'd flowers;
To me the streams, the woods, sing soothing psalms,
The birds chant melodies, all things speak peace;
And thus to superstitions, old and new,
Nature, indignant, ever gives the lie.

GRACE.

—:0:—

So sang I in my spirit's day of pride,*
Ne'er thinking that another day would bring
Me other thoughts less boastful, and in shape
Less likely to offend souls tenderly
Attuned to all things sacred and divine.
It came and found me tossing on a bed
Of sickness, vainly seeking rest in thought,
Yet finding none. Yet still I fought and strove
To move the heavy hand that held me down,
Till dewy on my brow the cold death-sweat
Lay glistening. Then in my secret soul
I own'd me helpless, my unworthiness
Confess'd, and at God's feet laid my soul's load;
Then came sweet peace, with such a soothing sense
Of blessing breath'd on me from the unseen;
While in that truth of truths—God's *Fatherhood*
Through Christ, God's Son—our Brother, broad reveal'd,
My spirit found new life, new strength to bear

* Alluding to the preceding Poem.

Life's galling yoke. In my great helplessness
I felt myself a child, and told God so.—
'Twas then methought I felt a wondrous sense
Of nearness to Him, as of loving arms
Under me laid, to lift me to Himself.
How blest then to have died, and have gone home!
But He saw otherwise, and lengthen'd out
Life's little span for some benignant end.
But ever since this thought still whispers me:
*The wisest know but little at the best—
The soul till humbled vainly craveth rest.*

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL:

A REMINISCENCE.

BORNE on the wandering wing of memory,
I visit oft, at midnight's pensive hour,
The home to which my heart turns as the leaf
Towards the light—or rather, I might say,
As spirit parted from its fleshly form—
Heedless of space, condition, circumstance—
Deserts the fair abodes of blessedness
To linger round the loved ones left below.
Even so, my soul doth cleave to thee, old home!
And linger fondly o'er thee, loth to leave.

Thou wert a cosy bield, though reckon'd but
A shepherd's shieling on a Highland moor;
I see before me yet thy lowly roof
With humble rushes thatch'd, and here and there
A verdant patch where moss and vagrant weeds,
Tenacious squatters, blossom'd all the year;
The white-plumed groundsel, and the tender green
Of chickweed, dear to little haunting birds

In winter, and for which they chirp'd and sang
Right merrily at dawn or day's decline.
Here, too, the swallows, when the west winds blew
Sweet odours from the firs, shot swiftly past,
And as they flew scann'd wistfully the eaves
And windows' sheltered nooks for last year's nests.

Crowning its sloping roof, a ridge of turf
Lifted its sky-line, crooked as our hills,
Or dromedary's back, at its far end—
All brown and bare of grass—it grew into
A sod-built chimney, from whose ebon throat
Arose in playful wreaths with upward curl,
The peaty incense of our cottage fire.
That pungent smoke whose memory haunts us still,
Recalls to us the joys of other years,
Nor less affects the healthy appetite
Of humble wayfarer upon the moor.

And when the air was calm and skies were blue,
It hung about the eaves so dream-like, till
It blended with the welkin's bluer blue.
Well I remember yet how when a child
I used to watch in fancy its blue spire
Ascending 'gainst the back-ground of the hill,
Close followed by my thought, till it became
No longer visible; yet still with it
I clamb from rock to rock, and steep to steep ;

For from my earliest years that mountain wall
Had been to me a standing mystery,
And oft I longed with eager feet to scale
Its boulder'd sides that steeply, sternly rose
Behind our cottage, blending with the sky
Its far-off summit, dim, and seldom seen:
For there, like anchoring ships, the passing clouds
Would muster and unfurl their ghostly sails,
That drooping heavily come rolling down
In wreathing vapour like our chimney smoke,
But whiter and more dense, which then awoke
Imagination in my youthful soul,
And wizard-like from the invisible,
Rose at my call, shapes weird and wonderful,
That stalked along the dim hill-side, or clomb
The mist-clad crags in which I lay concealed;
Or from the summit gained, methought I gazed
On sunny islands, such as Mirza saw,
Bloom out of mist-hid hollows and dim seas,
Revealing pictur'd landscape, tower, and tree,
With silver lake and frith spread gloriously
'Mid fadeless fields where white-robed angels glide,
And gleesome children sport the whole day long.

'Twas thus my boyish fancy far outgrew
All sense of danger, such as being lost
And left alone with Nature on the hills,

Till I resolved undaunted to attempt
The path my father took at early morn,
As was his wont, to view his little flock
Of sheep and lambs wide-scatter'd on the hills.
One day when far away upon his rounds,
My mother busy at her spinning-wheel,
And thinking that I played—and so I did,
The truant though—I quietly sped along
The grey-stone fence that girt our garden round,
Save where it yields a passage for the burn,
The which I crossed, and on its farther side
Began the steep ascent to scenes unknown.
With toddling step, and slow, up, up I toil'd
Admiring as I went the fair wild flowers
That met my gaze, a beauteous sisterhood,
Nodding as if to greet me, one by one,
At my approach; but more than all the rest,
One bonnie wee blue flower—loved even yet—
Spoke to my heart as if to cheer me on.
At length I sat me down, partly to rest,
And partly to collect the bright-hued flowers;
For there the cannach sported its white plumes,
Like fairy banners waving in the wind;
These with the orchis and the pale blue cups
Of butterwort I gathered, while the heath
Shone with a yellow splendour not its own,
The golden tint of tormentilla blooms.

There, too, beside the rill, the saxafrage
Draped the grey boulder with its fringe of gold.
And there the snowy-hued parnassia,
The poet's flower, whose veined chalice burns
With that rare zone of gleaming emeralds.

Thus occupied, my limbs regained new strength,
And then within my soul I felt once more
The eager spur of curiosity.
Above me, dizzy height surmounting height,
Dark hill succeeding hill; meanwhile the path,
Though visible perhaps to trained eye,
No trace afforded mine, yet I held on
Past boulders hoary with the flatten'd fronds
Of stony lichens—grey, but not with years,
Till, faint with toil, and limbs that sorely ached,
I quite lost heart. To add to my distress,
On looking back I could no longer see
My cottage home, nor yet its cultured croft.
A sense of utter loneliness came o'er
My venturous spirit, while along the heath
All desolate, a nameless terror crept.
Whether to turn my steps, or brave anew
The steep ascent, or downhill make for home,
I knew not, it seem'd all so like a dream;
But, while I pondered, suddenly there came
Down from the hill-top, veil'd in heavy clouds,

A wall of mist, rolling majestically
Sheer down the mountain side, swift blotting out
Rock, bush, and brake, flower, heath, and rushing stream,
Leaving to me no more of mother Earth
Than a few yards of sterile-stunted heath.
Stunn'd and bewilder'd, there I sat me down,
And breathless waited, till methought I heard
A muffled growl that made my blood run cold;
And as I gaz'd with straining eye, there grew
Out of the mist a shadowy giant form,
Leaning upon a staff that might have been
Mast for a ship, or stem of some fair tree;
While in advance of him, foot poised to strike,
Glared a huge lion with up-rising mane.
Ere I could move my hand, one sudden spring
He made—I fell, and then I knew no more,
For I had swoon'd; but when I woke, what joy!
To find me cradled in my father's arms,
While Rover round me leapt and wagg'd his tail,
And barked, beside himself, to find me there.
My father chid me in his kindly way:
But when I told him of my long desire
To scale the hill and see what lay beyond,
He looked well-pleased, and mounted me upon
His manly shoulder, strode right up the hill:
To him a task how easy, knowing well
Each crag and scaur, and boulder-bedded stream;

Nor darkness, driving storm, or mountain mist
Could damp his manly heart, or turn his steps
When love or sterner duty led the way.
I'll ne'er forget that novel mountain ride
Under the archway of the melting mist,
Whose lifted skirt began to trail along
The neighbouring heights, revealing their dim forms;
While on the mountain top, high overhead,
Onè calm blue patch of sky shone window-like,
And when at length the summit we had gain'd,
We paused and watched the mist-sea down beneath
Its ghostly waters 'gainst the mountains dash,
Then hurry towards the pass as if pursued;
For from the west had sprung the light-heel'd breeze,
While through the parted clouds the summer sun,
With living radiance flooded all the vale.

Charm'd with the bright'ning prospect, now I turned
To feast my fancy on the world beyond,
No longer hid by intervening hills,
But spread in boundless prospect, and—woe's me!
Instead of sleeping lakes and sunny isles,
A dreary waste of treeless, houseless heath,
Bounded by hills more dismal than our own,
With rushy swamps of wide extent between,
That scarce grew herbage for a few poor sheep.
Thus face to face with stern reality,

My boyish dream melted as did the mist,
Away into the vast invisible.
Disgusted, disappointed, wearily,
I laid me down and with vexation wept,
Wept bitter tears, the which I strove to hide
With hands firm clasp'd upon my tear-wet face.
In vain, for well I knew my father guess'd,
As with provoking smile he lifted me
Upon his knee, the while with cheek to mine
He turned my gaze toward our native vale,
From which the mist had sailed away and left
It basking in the sunlight's golden glow ;
While, far below, with rapture I beheld
Our own lov'd cottage in its nestling nook
Of greenery—a perfect oasis.
Then from his breast he drew mysteriously
A shining tube, which, lengthening in his hands,
He to his eye adjusted, then to mine,
Grown wonder-wide the while—he bade me look,
And lo ! our little cot seem'd close at hand,
While like a vision from its rustic porch
Out came my mother, looking wistfully,
With hand held o'er her eyes, as if to shade
Them from the light, while eagerly she scann'd
The dim hill-side in quest of her lost boy.
O'ercome with what I'd seen, I looked no more,
For mother's grief was tugging at my heart,

And like a magnet her affection drew
Me from myself, while in my secret soul
It made me feel how foolish I had been.
Rising in haste, I took my father's hand,
And drew him quickly down the dizzy steep,
But not for long, for soon my failing limbs
Began to flag, and I was fain once more
To accept his stalwart shoulder for a steed.
And thus we made swift progress down the hill,
Rover delighted, bounding far a-head,
To give the warning-note of our approach.
But still, the great event was yet to come;
Rounding the corner of a jutting crag,
I saw, and with a frantic shout of joy,
Leapt like a bird into my mother's arms.

Thus I have found—perchance shall ever find—
That hope's bright heav'n lies not beyond the hills,
Seas, continents, suns, systems, starry zones,
But in the home where loving human hearts
Beat loyally in tune, and in the soul
That rests in child-like confidence in Him,
Who is at once its Father, Friend, and God!

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THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

—:0:—

WHEN golden day hath departed,
And the light no longer beams
On this world of life and beauty,
Thank God! there's a world of dreams.

A world for the toil-worn and weary,
A world for the hopeless and sad,
Where loving lips well words of joy,
Eyes glances that make glad.

Its bliss is beyond all telling,
Such visions there I see!
I would that by day, as by night, its
Bright portals were open to me.

I know when that world I'm nearing,
By the tender tones I hear
Of the world within, as the outer
Grows faint to the outer ear.

And as they come nearer and nearer,
Those voices so loving and sweet,
The others die off in the distance,
Away down the dismal street.

And the stars all night at my window,
Look in with their cold clear eyes;
But mine is a bluer welkin,
Mine are the brighter skies.

First over me bends my mother,
With face divinely fair;
That fair young mother of long ago,
All draped in her golden hair.

And my little brother and sister,
She tells me she has found
Wee Annie that died when a baby,
And Willie who was drown'd.

Strange, is it not? that I never
For a moment dream she is dead,
Though, with streaming eyes, I laid her
Down in the grave's cold bed.

And the gap that seems so abysmal
To me in my waking hours,
In my dreams is a living present,
A summer-land of flowers.

I might have known, Oh, my mother!
That Death could not hold thee down;
True woman, true wife, thou wert worthy
To wear a heavenly crown.

That 'twas but the form of matter
We laid in thy grave's damp prison,
Meanwhile to thy spirit-home on high,
Thy soul, thy self, had arisen.

Then after her comes another,
A form I once deem'd divine,
With eyes, Oh! so tender and loving!
That earnestly gaze into mine.

'Tis she, the proud, beautiful being,
The worshipped of long ago,
Who lifted me up to her love's high heav'n,
To plunge me in life-long woe.

Ah me! how I bowed to her beauty,
Held sacred the dust she trode;
With her, life would be so blissful,
Without her, a weary load.

Did she love me that night when my bosom
Supported her marble brow?
God knows! but she is another's,
As I am another's now!

We pass without recognition,
Each other we do not see,
Yet strange, though to me she is nothing,
Her image is ever with me.

To me she is dead, she is buried;

'Tis the angel of long ago,

That visits me now in dream-land

When the evening star is low;

That comes in her sad, soft beauty,

And lays her white hand in mine;

And her lips, they utter what none may tell,

The language of love divine.

Oh, what are the woes of a lifetime,

This struggle for daily bread,

When we know that the angels nightly

Keep watch around our bed.

Nor deem her an airy phantom

That melts with the night away;

Ah no! for I feel her presence

Through all the toilsome day.

Can it be there's an angel waiting

On yonder shining shore,

To bless me with her deathless love,

When dreams are dreams no more?

That the love I so fondly cherish'd

Was but for this bright ideal?

This spirit-bride whose love is alone

The lasting and the real?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

—:0:—

WHAT's the matter, what's the matter?
That a woman and a daughter
Of that God who made us all,
Should from womanhood thus fall,
All life's sweetness turned to gall:
What's the matter, what's the matter?

Fair by nature, and still young,
Yet with rags and patches hung,
Hair dishevel'd, bloodshot eyes;
Would thy mother in this guise
Know her once beloved daughter?
What's the matter, what's the matter?

In her laughter there's no mirth,
Cheeks where dimpling smiles had birth,
Dust begrim'd and hollow now,
Seam'd with care the youthful brow;
Urchins point the finger at her:
What's the matter, what's the matter?

Eyes that once were like the dawn,
When the night clouds are withdrawn;
What hath quench'd their joyous light?
Whence their soul eclipsing blight?
Soul once pure as sparkling water:
What's the matter, what's the matter?

Gleam of crystal, glare of brass,
Hold her eye, she cannot pass;
Child of poverty and sin,
Wilt thou—wilt thou, venture in?
Hopeless woman! Eve's frail daughter!
Ah! I see *now* what's the matter.

God who made yon star-gemmed roof,
For how long shall this vile hoof
Tread thy children under foot,
"Sink the man, exalt the brute,"
Even fair woman bruise and batter?
O that we could *end* the matter!

Till by some great purpose fir'd,
Though we preach like men inspired,
Vainly we thy truth reveal,
Souls must suffer, men must feel—
Deeds we want, not wordy patter,
If we wish to mend the matter.

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THE WORKMAN'S SABBATH MORNING.

DAWN.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest to toiling men!
Thy blessed dawn recalls us to ourselves,
Who all week long have striv'n with beaded brow
And throbbing veins at our appointed tasks,
That ceaseless crave, from morn till dewy dark,
The hoarded energy of hand and brain.
O Trade! thou stern task-master o'er us all,
What multitudes of toiling, struggling men
Thou yokest into thy ponderous moving car;
Bound with necessity's relentless chain,
We work to eat, rather than to obtain
The fair reward of well-requited toil,
And thank kind heaven for health and daily bread.

Blest day! the fairest of the sister seven,
Thy dawn, how welcome to the man of toil;
With what anxiety, even while he sleeps,
His thoughts do battle with the daily task.
For when the light steals through the parted blinds,
He starts and questioning scans the faithful clock;

Then suddenly with joy he recollects
That 'tis the morning of the sacred day.
How blest the thought! how sweet is the relief,
Though but for one brief day, from toil and care.
With grateful heart, once more he shuts his eyes,
But not to sleep—rather to give God thanks
For all the blessedness the Sabbath brings.

Refresh'd and strengthen'd by his night's repose,
Soft sleep he courts no more—more blessed far
To lie awake and cull the flowers of thought,
Sweet breathed and dewy, from the fertile fields
Of memory and well-stored intellect:
To feel the fine emotions as they rise,
In sparkling beauty from that mystic well
Within our being, where on viewless wings
The angels stoop to clear away the weeds
Engender'd by our contact with the world.
But now the little household's growing din
Comes like glad music to the father's ear;
His little ones are up—one loudly crows
Within his cosy cot, while on the floor
Another tumbles in supreme delight;
A third, with sage-like wisdom in his look,
Hangs o'er the pictur'd story of the wrongs
That mark'd the life of Jacob's favourite son;
While Jane, the eldest, cons into herself

The hymn to be repeated to her sire.
Meanwhile, the thrifty mother is astir,
And, like a happy bird, she first applies
Cool water to her yet unfaded cheeks;
Her wandering tresses smoothly gathered in,
She dons with matron pride the snowy cap
That suits so well her smiling morning face;
Withal the more becoming that it suits
The many little duties that pertain
To home—dear woman's happiest, holiest sphere.

Now, greatly adding to the other din,
The roaring bellows kindle up the fire;
While to increase and render more complete
The morning concert of domestic sounds,
The lark, their household poet, trills his song,
Eager to drown the less accordant noise;
As if from day to day his sweetest strains
He kept to welcome in the sacred morn.
Listening his joyous lay, the sire is led
In fancy far away through dewy fields,
Where by the aid of Poesy he hears
The dreamy whisper of the summer woods;
The low of cattle in the distant meads;
The brook's sweet treble and the cascade's bass;
Filling the quiet pauses softly made
By listening redbreast or flower-pendant bee.

A louder peal from his melodious pet
Dissolves the spell.

To linger now in bed,
When nature's voices thus so sweetly call,
Might well be torture—but no longer rest.

— :o: —

THE MORNING WALK.

Now, on the threshold of the sacred day,
Rejoicingly the workman father sees
Hope, joy, and love throned in its sacred porch,
With radiant fingers beckoning him within,
To spend the sacred hours with those he loves.
First as is meet, he lovingly proceeds,
With kind “good morrow” beaming in his eyes,
To kiss his darlings, and receive from each
The fond caress a parent loves so well.

Now, while his mate prepares the morning meal,
And puts her little household all to rights,
He wanders forth to breathe the caller air,
And from the daisied fields beyond the town
A humble posy gathers for the bairns.
In every street reigns Sabbath stillness, now
All but deserted by the human throng;

No longer heard the sound of clanking hoof
And rumbling dray, nor in the sooty forge,
The clang of hammers or the whirl of wheels;
No more the shuttle hums its limping tune
In measured cadence with the clattering loom.
Each street and alley wears a fresher look,
Now that their native smoke hath been displaced
By sweeter air health-laden from the hills.
Sweet breath'd the hedges, with their tender leaves
Still dripping from their bath of midnight dew,
And gleaming in the cheerful light of morn,
While grateful odours stealing on the sense
Betray the presence of the wild sweet briar,
Hiding, like modest worth, its humble stem
'Mid ranker growth of beech or crabbed thorn.
Here, too, the sparrows by their chirping seem
In conclave met to settle up the feuds
Which self in birds and men alike will breed.
Perched on the greenest twig the linnet sings,
While Robin—erst so tame—now grown more shy,
Prefers to warble on some distant tree
His matin song, to welcome in the day.

Streets, factories, houses, now are left behind,
The sober grey of stone and brick give place
To nature's ever-living, lasting green.
Well pleas'd, his eyes survey the spreading fields,

Dappled with daisies, here and there besprent
With gleaming gold of early buttercup;
The purpling rye-grass just begun to wave
In billowy beauty, while the rising wheat
Just hides the scars the ruthless harrow made.
Now from a gentle eminence that lifts
Its emerald bosom curving to the sky,
He views the opening prospect, and with pride
Drinks in the beauty of his native vale—
His native vale of Clutha, winding far
From cloud-capt Tinto to Dumbarton's rock,
Lifting on either side her fertile fields,
Green haughs, and dim old woods embosoming
Time-wasted relics of antiquity;
Her noble river, sheen'd in silver, glides
Calmly majestic in the glow of morn,
Winding through wooded strath or bordering meads—
But yesterday a highway for the world,
Its waters tortured by the cleaving keel,
Or by the tide-repelling paddle stroke
Pounded and churned to foamy restlessness.

Fair lies the city in the vale below,
Now that the sooty cloud hath cleared away,
Revealing countless chimneys, naked, tall,—
Colossal flagstaffs, from whose summits wave,
On days less sacred, flaunting dismally,

The dusky ensigns of the lords of trade.
Promiscuously rise steeple, tower, and dome,
Their gilded vanes, and heavenward pointing spires,
Flashing like jewell'd fingers in the light;
While, crowning every height, her palaces,
Her temples, churches, public monuments,
Stand out in sculptur'd beauty to the eye.

Sweet sounds, familiar, now attract his ear
From yonder farmyard; first, the guardian cock,
Who, perched on tiptoe, with proud arching neck,
Hails answering echo with defiant cheer.
Meanwhile, the mellower cadence from below,
The distant low of homeward plodding kine,
Well trained to know the usual milking hour,
And follow with a dreamy, dull regard
The blooming milkmaid, whose kind hand relieves
The well distended udder of its load.
Now from the heights beyond is heard the bleat
Of lambs, responsive to the deeper notes
Of ewes, by the maternal instinct led
To guard their progeny with jealous care.
Anon a gentle murmur greets his ear,
The babbling music of a tiny brook,
Paidling along betwixt its osiered banks,
With ringing laugh at each perplexing turn,
Eluding still each sedgy turf and stone.

Here must he halt, for lo! beside the wave
The golden king cups ope their chalices,
With silvery ladies' smocks, that must be cull'd
To glad the eyes of little folks at home.

Here, where the waters intercepted sleep
In mirror'd beauty 'neath the blossom'd thorn,
He stoops to gather from the reedy marge,
The wholesome cress to grace their morning meal.
Nor less unmindful of his feather'd pet,
With knife in hand he kneels upon the bank,
And from the closely woven turf shears out
A dainty square, with clustering clover rich;
So planned by kindness and artistic eye
That in its midst one solitary flower,
A modest daisy, lifts its humble head.

Nor sneer at this, ye Pharisaic souls,
Who wilfully pervert the sacred day,
Changing its loving light to cheerless gloom,
Forging from grim tradition galling chains
To bind anew souls ransom'd and set free
By Christ, who bled for their deliverance.
He who alone is Lord—our Lawgiver—
Now claims this day as his, a day in which
To feast our souls with the remembrance of
His wondrous work—the victory he hath won

O'er sin and death for all who love his name.
A day for friendly greeting in the home,
For worship and communion with our God,
Whether in church or on the mountain side,
No matter where, so that we be sincere
In what we do, and still be doing good.

And must she be forgot who merits most
To be remembered in his every thought?
Is there no verdant spray, no sweet breath'd flower,
That will unlock youth's hoarded memories,
And win a smile from her on his return?
Pleas'd with the thought he gathers from the thorn,
A spray with pearly blossoms all aswarm;
Sweet scented hawthorn! odour breathing May!
He minds she wore it on that happy eve
When sweetly blushing silence gave consent,
Content through life to link her fate to his.
Full of this pleasing thought, he starts for home,
Bearing his new found wealth like worshipper
Of long ago toward the holy fane
That holds the sacred Kaaba of his soul.
Short space elapses till upon the stair
His well-known foot is heard; how eagerly
His little toddlers run to seize the prize,
And ope in wonder their delighted eyes,
That larger, brighter grow the while they gaze,
And thankfully receive the golden flowers.

THE MORNING MEAL.

BUT now admonished by the signs around,
The grateful odour of the dozing urn;
The board laid out, his wife's impatient look,
That their repast will brook no more delay—
He takes the old arm-chair and looks around
To see that all are orderly arranged.
Now, as by one consent, each voice is hushed,
As toward him all eyes expectant turn;
Even baby pauses in his noisy glee,
Turning on each a strange half puzzled look,
As solemnly the father lifts to heaven
His voice in accents low, and gives God thanks
For all the mercies of the bygone week—
For blessing them in basket and in store,
And crowning the week's toil with Sabbath rest.
Then earnestly he pleads that heaven will bless
His household darlings, and unerring guide
Their wandering footsteps in the paths of right;
Meanwhile, the mother, from her heart's deep core,
Breathes forth, in sighs responsive, her amen!

Grace said—like flowers when suddenly at noon
They shake to earth their coronets of pearls—
Each youthful brow is eagerly upraised
To catch the sunshine of paternal joy.

With voice and look, the mother now exhorts,
For restless hands can hardly be restrained,
As each impatient waits to be supplied.
No dainty viands crown their humble board,
For health takes chief delight in homeliest fare;
Let there be but enough of this, what more
Can wealth supply, or appetite demand?
The simple meal despatch'd, he next attends
To their pet warblers' little household wants.
Now that his cage is carpeted anew
With dewy turf, cool, clovery, from the fields—
He pauses in his song and struts about
Proudly erect, his crest all set on end;
Shewing all men how even a captive bird
May bear himself as proudly as a king,
And in captivity perchance forget—
When kindly dealt with—that which we can ne'er
Endure ourselves, the loss of liberty.

The mother's arduous task now but begins;
All must be dressed and ready ere the bells
Ring out their solemn call to worship God.
Strange that a mother never knows fatigue
In the performance of the daily round
Of household duties; full of sweet content,
The good wife ne'er complains, by word or look,
Well pleased to see her little ones and lord

Made comfortable by her ceaseless care—
Her sweet reward to earn their lasting love.
Now in, now out, her nimble fingers move
From drawer to drawer with finery well packed;
With what intense delight the youngsters watch
Each curious little article of dress,
As tumbling from its fold it greets the light—
Frock, petticoat, chemise, warm, woolly hose,
So smoothly laid, sweet air'd, and saintly white.
One little drawer alone is left untouch'd,
Fast locked, and well they know the reason why;
Once only were their curious eyes allowed
To peer within, and breathlessly survey
Its sacred hoard—ah! not of shining coins,
Rare trinkets, sparkling gems, or jewellery;
Its wealth, a string of beads, two little shoes,
With hose to match, a frock scarce Jeanie's size,
With sundry other bits of lassie gear,
Scarfs, ribbons, dolls, poor trifles in themselves,
Yet by that mother's heart how dearly prized—
How often consecrated with her tears!
These all that now remain of her first-born—
A little joyous fairy, golden hair'd,
Her eyes, her father's own, so large and blue.
And she had wound herself so round their hearts,
So tenderly upbound with all they prized,
That, when death's shadow crept along the floor,

Hovering around her chair, then o'er her bed,
Until it rested on a rounded cheek,
Paling its roses—ah! so suddenly,
Quenching the love-light in her beauteous eyes;
What wonder that the mother shriek'd so wild,
Or that her brain reel'd for a moment 'neath
The blow that laid her idol in the dust.
But Heaven had mercy on that heart bereaved,
And in the hour of her sore agony
Locked up her spirit in a death-like trance,
Wherein she was permitted to behold
The glories of the better land; and there,
In vision, her lost child—if possible,
More beautiful she looked—the while she smil'd
Her old sweet smile, and lovingly besought
Her mother to forget her grief, and told
How happily she lived in that bright land,
And how with her companions she would come—
A band of bright child-angels, like herself—
And visit oft the old beloved abode,
To watch and bless the loved ones gathered there.

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N O O N.

SCOTLAND! my own, my native land beloved,
Nor only for thy wealth of classic scenes,

Thy hills heath-purpled, thy sequestered glens,
Thy fertile dales, blue lochs, and sea-laved shores;
Men prize thee for that higher, nobler wealth,
Thy reverence for God and sacred things
Deep-planted in thy people's character—
Infiltered with the milk of infancy,
Woven like threads of gold into the web
Of thought, from childhood on thro' manhood's prime,
Deepening and brightening to life's solemn close.
Fair are thy rivers, beautiful thy streams,
That dash in foamy splendour down thy hills,
Or ripple through thy vales melodiously;
Gathering new force and volume as they flow
From tributary streamlets, till at length
They pour their watery wealth in Neptune's lap.

All these are beautiful: but sight more fair
To him whose eyes bent Zionward beholds
Thy God-revering multitudes pour forth
From street and lane and splendid thoroughfare,
Crowding the dusty highways, and the paths
That lead into the city's mighty heart;
As if by common impulse, onward still
They march, each in his best attire arrayed,
Obedient to the universal call
Of duty, instinct—call it what you will—
That prompts the earnest soul to seek its God—

In lowly adoration to approach
The footstool of his grace, and bask anew
In the eternal sunshine of his love.
Now far, now near, o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
Hushing and hallowing all other sounds,
Is heard the joyous peal of Sabbath bells
Sprinkling the air with long drawn harmonies—
Like waving censers, shedding as they swing
Brimful the grateful incense of sweet sound.
Nor only in the city, where they roll
Their silver cadences so joyously,
But far away in mountain-guarded glens,
Where scattered cottages scarce boast the name
Of village; where the simple low-roofed church,
With windows quaint and ivied belfry old,
Plastered and warted with the clayey nests
Of colonizing swallows, undisturbed
Even by the clanging of the rusty bell,
Whose chimes, though rude to the more polished ear,
Are grateful as the welcome of a friend
To those who wend within its weekly call.

The streets resound with tramp of hurrying feet,
Their speed increasing with the lapsing bells,
Whose sounds are dying faintly one by one;
Yet still the wave of worshippers roll on,
Of every creed, denomination, sect—

Pervaded with one hope, one purpose, the desire
To worship God in the appointed place,
Each in the way that seems to him the best.
Long hours ago, ere clanged the village bell,
Like straggling sheep along the bleak hill-side,
Our Scottish peasant worshippers, remote
From village church or cherished meeting-house,
Along the roads were plodding wearily;
But now arrived they mingle with the throng
Of simple village folks, kindly the while
Greeting each old familiar face they meet;
Nor till the sun shines level with the hills
To their far moorland homes will they return.

O think of this, ye who in Zion still
Delight in sinful ease, and on the couch
Of eider idly waste the sacred hour;
'Think of your fellow-men who all week long
Have battled with sore toil and penury,
Yet rather than absent them from God's house
And soul-refreshing service, with the lark
Arise, nor grudge the weary march, the miles
On miles of rutted roads or trackless heaths,
Silent save for the whirl of startled grouse,
Or angry lapwing screaming on before
To wile attention from her callow nest.

EARLY ASPIRATIONS.

EDITH TO ARTHUR—*Asleep.*

I LOVE to gaze upon thy lofty brow,
Cloth'd with the might, the majesty of thought,
Nor circled with the halo of a saint,
But radiant with effulgence more divine;
Like some bold Alp round whose celestial peak
Clouds of all-glorious hues for ever float.
And when those eyes, filled with a wondrous light,
Flash forth the lightnings of intelligence,
My heart feels tiding with excess of joy,
My trembling soul oppress'd within me lies,
Dead to all thoughts save one—adoring thee!

And can it be this form, so near divine,
Hath kindred origin with the dull clod?
This beauteous shrine wherein the soul is veil'd,
A sod of finer earth, more deep impress'd
With thy fair seal, Almighty King of Life?

O thou unseen, yet seen, mysterious thing!
That dwell'st within this perishable shrine,

Eluding these fond arms that would embrace—
Would I could steal into its sacred fane,
Through the closed windows of thine azure eyes!
[Arthur *awakes*.

Thou wak'st! now I behold thee looking from
Those depths of pure delight—athirst the while
To quaff the holy beauty welling from
The golden portals of awakening day,
Yon long blue barrier of distant hills,
The pictured landscape steep'd in living light,
Hill valley, rivulet, and waving tree,
This beauteous world thou travellest with thine eyes,
Thy rapture kindling, as each wave of thought
Rolls o'er thy spirit from the inner sea.

Smile if thou wilt! yea, turn from me thine ear;
But I must warble to the winds thy praise!
I, lorn and lost, grew like a useless weed
Neglected on the wold of ignorance;
A humble lichen on the withered trunk
Of poverty's earth-born and blasted tree,
Till found by thee, transformed, I lived anew;
For thou didst graft me to thy nobler stem,
And I became a branch of thy own self—
And, in thy borrowed strength, bore regally
Thy wealth of blossom on my feebler stem,

Thy honoured wife—too servile is the name—
Say, partner of thy manhood, for thou shar'dst
With me the sceptre, and the throne of thought!

Thus burst the cerements of my buried soul—
To life I woke, with thee my soul took wing
From height to height, from silent star to star;
Or back into Old Earth's primeval night,
To learn the wondrous story of her birth
From rocks and stones—Nature's rude manuscript—
A world-wide Nineveh of buried lore;
A world whose old inhabitants have passed
Into oblivion, whose uncouth names
Attest how little science knows of them.

Where we were wont in fancy to recall
The scenes of savage grandeur earth then wore—
Hesperian isles with tropic verdure crown'd,
Colossal woods, whose arcades never rung
To human voice nor huntsman's echoing horn,
To love's soft lute or childhood's merry laugh;
Nor song of bird or bee e'er broke the spell
That reign'd amid their awful solitudes.

Thus, while we mused, each hour contained an age,
As through the cloudy vista we beheld
Vast continents emerge from pregnant seas,
Their plashy shores alive with monster forms.

The crocodile-like Ichthyosaurus,
In shining mail, stole through the rustling reeds;
Huge Dinotheria stalk'd with ponderous tread;
While ghoul-like birds on clanging brazen wing
Winnow'd the deep and beat the heavy air.
Such is old Nature's stony picture book,
Her oldest yet discover'd history.

Yet more congenial task, to roam with thee
Amid the floral children of the soil,
Ere yet the sun had warm'd the vernal mead,
Or blythesome lark made glad the day's blue arch;
While yet, o'er leafless woods, Boreas shook
His stormy wings, whence fell the eider shower
Of flakes that danc'd like insects in the sun;
When first we spy'd above the withered grass,
The tussalago gild the wintry wold,
With celandines that ope'd their golden eyes,
By streamlets dank, and moss embosom'd springs;
While timidly the crimson daisy peeped
From feathery moss and thickly rising grass,
Scarce trusting yet bright Sol's seducing beams;
Or 'mid the tangled roots of the old woods
And faded ferns, thy own wee matchless flower,
Anemone! that woos the westland winds
To kiss her blossoms into loveliness.

Thus, day by day, old favourites came back,

From every rock peeped forth some friend beloved,
Hiding beneath the hedge the gloryless
Sweet little flower, Adoxa! how misnam'd!
Or drooping 'mid its nest of crumpled leaves,
The primrose pale perfum'd the April air,
Those blue-eyed daughters of the wayside hedge,
Forget-me-nots, and speedwells, numberless,
Drew from the village children as they pass'd
The sweet impassion'd look and wondering gaze.
Sweet flowers! ye crowd the page of memory
Too numerous for thought, yet none so dear
As those pale children of the opening year.

— :o: —

LOVE.

And when I questioned thee by word and look
Of the mysterious power that could conceive,
Contrive, combine, and nicely regulate
So great a whole, so perfect in each part—
Who thus upon the canvas of immensity
Could limn the features of a universe,
Yet stoop in his omnipotence to carve
The facets of the tiny insect's eye—
Scoop out the hollow where old Ocean sleeps,
And from her womb of waves bring to the birth
The mighty hills, with all their retinue
Of vale and plain aswarm with beauteous life?

Thou led'st me to One hanging on a tree,
Of regal look and mien, save that his crown
Was twisted thorn. Up to mine ear methought
There rose tumultuously the hue and cry
Of swaying multitudes, to fury driven,
Stirred by the demon fires of bigotry;
Dim, billowy they seem'd to rise and fall,
Like howling waves around an island rock,
And when amid the darkness and the din
Rose to the frowning heavens that pleading prayer,
"Father forgive; they know not what they do!"
My soul, responding to that dying wail,
Believing, owned its Saviour and its God.

Thus having found the centre of all truth,
Whence radiate the lines of life and light
To utmost verge of the wide universe,
I felt that I possessed the talisman
To ope all mysteries, even that of life
And death—Nature's alternate night and day—
That the deep centre of all life is Love!
Love welling from the deep heart-core of God,
Whose mighty under-currents pulse unseen
Through men and worlds, alike pervading each,
The trembling leaf as the sublimest star,
The ether wherein suns and systems swim,
The golden warp whereon all beauteous things
Are wove in nature's never resting loom,

To clothe with beauty the wide universe,
And drape this fair round footstool of our God.

In Love's pure light I read the world anew;
Life seemed no longer the mysterious Sphinx,
Propounding her engima dark to men,
Nor longer wore her face that stony look,
But dimpling broke into a meaning smile.
Earth's myriad voices that erst seemed confused,
Together blent, and now harmoniously
Declared in one long burst the glorious theme,
Let heaven and earth rejoice! for God is Love!

In Love I recognised the hidden source
Of every joy experienced heretofore—
The song of happy bird and bee and brook,
That bliss unspeakable the spirit feels,
That sense of heavenly hallowing repose,
Reclined on mossy knoll or blossom'd thyme,
Whose crimson cushion, softly press'd, reveals
A heaven of fragrance to enthrall the sense;
The winds low sigh the while it gently fans
The fevered cheek—the glorious set of sun,
The glow of health, the ecstasy of love,
The bliss of friendship and of wedded life—
These and a thousand more in reach of all,
The gift of God to rich and poor alike.

Yet far transcending, while embracing all,
Above all blessings, next to God himself,

Thou, Arthur! art my glory and delight!
In thee is garnered all my hoarded wealth,
My living book, wherein I find all truth,
Science, religion, art, philosophy—
Celestial urn from God's own fount supplied,
O'erflowing with the poetry of life;
Thy soul a sacred mirror, calm and clear
As summer lake, wherein I oft behold
The world in panoramic order spread—
The moonlit vistas of the dark dim past,
The noontide glory of our full-grown age.
In thee the future is no land of dreams;
The heavy clouds their silver edges turn,
Disclosing to my strong prophetic gaze
The glorious goal to which all being tends!

Like opening bud for the ascending sun,
Or thirst-parch'd fields for the approaching rain,
I long to hear thy voice in thrilling song.
Once more thy harp to the inspiring theme
I love so well, attune—creation, ever new!
Creation, with its vast developments
Of living things, from low to higher forms;
How matter from its first crude elements,
Slowly built up through each succeeding age,
Became at length this fair proportion'd orb
Mankind call Earth, his temporary home,
His field of usefulness, his cradle, and his grave.

Eternal growth, combined with constant change,
Reveal to us each day creations new.—
Or sing of man and his short-lived career
Of sixty centuries—short-lived compared
With eras that had passed ere his began.
Much have I learnt, yet more I thirst to know
Of man and his immortal destiny,
And of that glorious scheme by Heaven devised,
All else transcending, worthy of our God!
Man to deliver from impending death,
And win a world's allegiance to Himself.

— :o: —

GOLDEN MEMORIES.

ARTHUR.

EDITH, my fairer self! my bosom's dower!
My heaven of comfort, happiness, delight!
Each day more lovely, worthier to be loved!
Dearer to me than life!—how long wilt thou
O'er-brim the measure of thy full heart's praise?
Of thy own worth forgetful, say what means
This saint-like abnegation of thyself—
This persevering effort to uncrown
Thy queenly worth in presence of thy peers,
And veil with modesty thy priceless worth?
Like Eve, deep in the mirror of the brook

Beholding her own loveliness entranced,
Thou seest thine own image in the stream
Of my rude life, its beauty all thine own.
Whate'er thou look'st on, instantly puts on
The summer flush of thy imparted life.
Say, was there merit, then, in loving thee?
Could man or sinless angel have done less?
In finding thee I haply found myself,
Else lost, nor in wild fancy's brightest dream
Conceived a soul like thine thy sex could boast;
I deemed them but the voluntary slaves
Of our stern sex, their own'd superiors—
Vain, heartless triflers, insects of an hour,
Disporting their gay plumage in the glare
Of fashion's short voluptuous summer tide,
But in the shade poor caterpillars still!

I, like an instrument all out of tune,
From which the soul of music long hath fled,
Lay waiting wearily the touch divine
Of some skilled hand upon the jarring chords,
Untouched so long and silent as a tomb.
My wish was realised; —an angel came,
As once to dreaming Peter in his cell,
Radiant with beauty, smiling like the morn—
A peerless maiden, at whose thrilling touch
My spirit-fetters fell,—to life I sprung,
My being woke 'mid pulsings of delight,

And all my soul sought utterance in song.
My life had been a garden all run wild,
By weeds o'ergrown, by noxious things traversed,
Till Beauty burst upon me like the Sun,
And from her love-brim urn poured liberally
A flood of living glory o'er my heart.

Fondly doth memory yet recall the hour.
It was a quiet Sabbath morn in June;
High o'er the crest of Cathkin's wooded height
The morning sun shed down his slanting beams
O'er hill and dale, green strath and upland fell;
Suburban villas and the palaces
Of merchant princes glitter'd in the beams
Of Sol, as regally he journeyed up
The steps of morn to his meridian throne;
While over all the vast metropolis
The floating light fell like the smile of God,
Filling the thousand homes of toiling men
With more than Sabbath gladness and delight,
Save in those crowded centres where the sun
And healthful breeze all entrance are denied—
Those reeking cesspools where accumulate
The worst ingredients of humanity.

* * * * *

Her form, for perfect symmetry and grace,
Was all that poet-painter might conceive,
When Fancy peoples his impassioned dream.

I marked her as she stooped, all tenderness,
O'er the white coverlet, where pining lay
The cherished being who had given her birth,
For whom she steeped her life in penury,
For whom at midnight trimm'd the feeble lamp,
And while her aching fingers constant plied
The darting needle, on whose motions hung
The all-important question, "Life or death;"
Till in her own life-lamp the flickering flame
Burned dimly, or shone out in fitful gleams.

O sad, heart-thrilling sight! 'twas to behold
Nature reversed, the mother grown the child!

The child the mother, and the faithful nurse
Who watched and toiled, yet patiently endured
The maledictions of ingratitude,
Strong in the hope that Heaven one day might heal
The sin-struck soul, distempered to its core;
For she, the idol of her filial heart,
Had been for years the victim and the slave
Of one dire appetite, that in its train
Brought many ills that reft their humble home
Of all those little comforts that make up
And constitute our happiness on earth,—
An appetite that still increasing grew—
A daily lengthening chain that would have dragged
Them down into the Pandemonian gulf
Of destitution, ignominy, death,

But for that all-enduring rock of strength
That bore up all, a daughter's quenchless love!--
A power that would not yield to fate itself
But struggled on unweariedly, by faith
And prayer, through poverty, disease, and toil,
Fighting temptation back on every side.
Rather than see the loved one lost to Heaven,
She would have plunged into perdition's fires,
And plucked from their hot grasp the burning brand;
Yea, crowned at last her life-long sacrifice
By yielding up her being, life, her all,
So that with her last dying look, she might
Behold the erring one at Jesus' feet!

Oh! who can tell with what soul agony
Night after night she wrestled with her God—
Like Jacob wrestled, and like him prevailed!
Could such devotion fail of its reward?
No! love was crowned with more than victory.
Even as the lightning the metallic rod
Dissolves to fluid rain, God's blessed truth
In mercy came, and suddenly dissolved
The adamantine fetters that had bound
Her captive spirit in the cell of sin;
While she, the instrument, with wondering joy,
Beheld the newly pardoned soul arise
Out of its ashes, like the fabled bird,
With all her nobler instincts fired anew.

Hosannahs, doubtless, rang through highest heaven
From angel lips and harps harmonious strung,
While the recording angel tearful wrote
Another name in the Lamb's book of life—
Another soul from hell's dominion won—
Restored to heaven, to earth, and to her child;
Nor last nor least, restored unto herself!

 All this, and more, I gathered from my friend,
As slowly my reluctant feet me led
From her, whom once to see was to adore.
Beauty at first was the enslaving spell.
Now priceless worth has rais'd her to the throne
Of my heart's worship, empty heretofore;
Sleeping or waking, night as well as day,
My thoughts would travel to that little room
No longer mean, nor dark, but radiant
With that pure light that fills the universe,
Of which deprived, even heaven itself were dark!
(Blush not, fair Edith! only to the winds
That whisper past, thy Arthur breathes thy praise.)

 Night after night, the quiet pensive moon
My wanderings beheld, while restlessly
I hovered round, like some unquiet ghost,
Afraid to enter, lest I should offend.
At length I ventured, with a feverish hand
And palpitating heart, toward the door.
My hesitating tap, brought Edith forth;

With crimsoned cheek, yet welcome in her eyes,
She laid her hand in mine and led me in.
I said, in my friend's absence, I had called
To see the sufferer,—I might have said,
A sufferer myself, I sought her aid.
I sat me down beside the invalid,
And cheerily discussed congenial themes,
While with a largess were my words repaid
Of gratitude from Edith's love-lit eyes,
While with delicious zest my listening ear
Drank in the music of her every word.

At length, grown as familiar as old friends,
We talked of books,—for such were her delight,—
Of martyrs, and the persecuted men
Of Covenanting times,—Auld Scotland's pride!
Which drew a brighter lustre to her eye,
A deeper glow of crimson to her cheek.
Then would our converse turn to fairy scenes,
Through which she'd wandered when as yet a child—
The snowy waterfall, the hazel glen,
Dim summer woods where wooing linnets sang,
Or briery mazes, where the wild flowers hid
Their blushing treasures from unhallowed eyes.

This blissful interchange of word and look
Drew heart to heart, with strange magnetic power,—
Some wondrous law, by which we seemed to know
Each other's thoughts, and could anticipate,

As if by sympathy, the coming words
Ere they had crossed the threshold of our lips,—
A brooding of our spirits, like twin stars,
That o'er each other hang alternately;
Or pearly dew-drops twin upon one leaf,
That in each other's brightness lose their own,
And trembling, merge into a perfect sphere.

Long waited for! the favoured moment came
To test her heart. One quiet autumn eve,
Calm as a little child her mother slept,
The harvest moon one bright approving beam
Shot through the lowly pane, which silvery fell
Upon her soft white hand, fast lock'd in mine,
The while I pour'd into her maiden ear
The wild impassion'd story of my love.

She did not seem amazed, but listened still
Even after I had done, as if for more.
Her head upon her bosom lowly bent,
Like floweret sweet weighed down by morning pearls;
Her eyes that for a moment had withdrawn
Behind their fringe of lashes soft and long,
Rose moon-like from their bath of heart-wrung dew,
As with a smile of sisterly regard
She bade me stem my passion's headlong force,
Begg'd me with earnest look that I no more
Would touch a theme so painful to us both;
Bade me reflect upon her lowly rank—

Her poverty—uneducated mind,
The wall of caste, and all the bitterness
That would distil to blight our happiness,
The sneers of friends, my proud relation's scorn.
What would my parents say? would they consent,
And as a daughter take her to their heart?
All this, she said, lay like a yawning gulf
Betwixt us twain, a dreary dark abyss
O'er which all-powerful Love could never rear
The nuptial bridge where we could equal meet.

To every doubt I coin'd a meet reply;
Yet all in vain, my tyrant would not yield,
But with determined look and voice declared
That only with her equal she could mate!
In vain I laid my prospects at her feet,
In vain I pointed to the invalid,
Who in her shattered health so much required
The creature comforts of a wealthy home,
Where our united tenderness and love
Might gild the quiet evening of her days;
In vain I showed her how in sterling worth,
In purity, in holy usefulness,
In rich endowments of the intellect,
She far excelled her sex whate'er their rank;
How these were wealth to me beyond all price,
A dowry seldom even by Queens possess'd.
All was of no avail! as in a dream

She fixed her eyes on vacancy, even as
A seer scans the future's misty scroll,
While by the changeful hues that came and went
Athwart her cheek—as the aurora lights
Dance o'er the blue skirts of the northern night—
The quickened undulations of her breast,
And deep heart-sighs, but half-suppress'd, I knew
A mighty conflict was being carried on
Within the stubborn fortress of her heart:
But victory I found was not for me!
Lifting her calm blue eyes to mine, she said—
“Arthur! too long, I fear, we have indulged
A childish dream; but now that we're awake,
One last, one long farewell, I fear, 'tis all
That now remains to us, and then we part!
Nor deem my heart capricious or unkind,
While thus to thee, thee only! I declare
The solemn resolution of my life.
’Tis this—and like the rock immoveable—
The man that Edith weds must, like herself,
Be one inured to toil, yea poverty!—
One who has braved with manly fortitude
Ill fortune's frown, and grappled to the death
With strong temptation's hydra-headed front—
Who, hero-like, shall rise victorious
O'er destiny and all earth's vexing ills;
Yea, like a king, lay hold upon the reins

Of circumstances, adverse or in tune,
And with his sceptre sway them as he will.
For what have I been toiling all my life,
But to maintain an honest filial pride?
Or call it independence if you will,
I care not, 'tis a pure soul's greatest wealth—
The crown that sparkles on the workman's brow,
And stamps him with a kingship all divine.
And now that my ambition is achieved,
My mother to herself and Heaven restored,
Must I relinquish all my conquests won,
Lose thy sincere respect as well's my own,
By drawing thee into a mesalliance base?
Forbid, kind Heaven! that e'er it should be said
That Edith, to ensure a life of ease
And an asylum for her parent frail,
Entrap'd rich Arthur with her witching smiles—
How his weak heart she deeply had inspired
With a light love unworthy of himself—
Two artful paupers pensioned on his wealth—
Great Heaven, forbid! No, Arthur, fare thee well!

I left her, striving hard to comprehend
The nature of a pride to me so new;
Yet none the less I loved her, rather more—
If that were possible—the while I curs'd
The wealth that like a deep'ning, dark eclipse

Had wrapt with darkness all my heaven of love!
How well had she described what I was not—
Her grand ideal of a perfect man.
Up from my very cradle I had been
The pampered child of smiling luxury—
An obstacle upon the busy path
Traversed by earnest men—an idler in
The world, God's work-field—yea, a useless bee,
A very drone within the human hive.
Compared with her, I felt myself how poor!
In her life-fight what victories she had won—
What armies of temptations overthrown—
What crowns and kingdoms she had reaped as spoil;
While from her starry throne she pitying looked
On me a coinless beggar at her feet!

But what I deemed so adverse in my lot,
As if to pleasure me, took speedy wing.
My father, as I learned, had staked his all,
The accumulations of a prosperous life,
On some grand scheme, the mania of the hour.
Too late he saw the beauteous bubble burst,
Awoke as from a dream, and found himself
In his old age reduced to beggary!
For him the swift transition was too much;
His proud heart broke, he sank beneath the stroke.
The mighty rock of wealth to which he'd moored
His beauteous bark of life so trustingly,

Rolled from his sight, a bank of shifting sand.
He slept the sleep of death, but I awoke
Resuscitated from a living tomb.
Inexorable, stern necessity
Laid hold on me, and solemnly declared
That only those who earned deserved to eat!
Yea, more, that those of stronger arm and brain
Should toil for those who could not for themselves!
Then I remembered me I was a son,
A mother's idol, and her only hope,
The pillar whereon all her future leaned.
Though but a stranger to the ways of trade,
I fell to with a strong determined will,
To hew me out a pathway through the world.
Irksome it seemed at first, to me unused
To constant toil and consequent fatigue;
But soon inured, it gradually became
A healthful source of pleasure and delight.
The zest of appetite, the sweets of rest,
A mind at rest from *ennui* and care,
Were blessings new to me, and well repaid
Me for the paltry fortune I had lost.

Often I thought of Edith; if she knew
My altered prospects, would she now relent?
Would she forego her Spartan-like resolve?
In me behold one worthy of the name
Of man, and a co-worker with herself
In God's appointed field of usefulness?

Such were my thoughts; yet still on hope deferred
I fed my soul, till hope grew sick, yea died,
A prey to coward fear. To be again
Denied were worse than death. And thus each day
I lived alternately in heaven or hell,
Still fearful to precipitate my fate,
Till my good angel kindly interposed.
One day I met fair Edith in a crowd;
She blushed and would have passed had I not seized
Her hand. I felt it tremble like a bird
Within my own, the while I wistful gazed
Into her moist blue orbs to learn my fate.
Too late their envious lids came down and shed
The sparkling drops that told I was beloved.
O blessed tears! more precious than the rain
Heaven scatters o'er the parched summer fields;
Unbidden from the heart, love's messenger—
Bright stars in which I read my destiny,
And hers no less; for she had heard the news
Of the sad shock our fortunes had sustained
Which had awakened all her sympathy
And won for me a guerdon of her love,
Yet not without a pang of deep regret
To think our gain should spring from others' loss.
O with what ecstasy we passed along,
As if we trode the golden streets of heaven!
The surging crowds, the splendid shops we passed,

The sculptured monuments, the princely homes,
Formed no part of the scene; it seemed as if
The world in which we moved was all our own.

I took her home, but long ere we had reached
The well remembered lane, our solemn vows
Of love and constancy were writ in heaven.

One day the angels took her mother home;
And when our grief had found sweet vent in tears,
Safe to my home I bore my precious prize,
A blushing bride, veiled in her modesty—
Joy indescribable! My tale is done.

Thus like a miser o'er his hoarded pelf,
My gloating soul doth retrospective turn
To count her heap of golden memories.
But turn we now from looking on ourselves,
Forego awhile the sweets of mutual praise,
That we may mount upon the eagle wings
Of nobler themes that lift the thoughts to God—
Such themes as lift and bend the human soul,
As angry tempests sway the gnarled oak,
Which in themselves are mighty utterances
Of song, the true sublime of nature's poetry.

—:O:—

CREATION.

OH for thy daring wing, great king of song!
Milton! thou mighty master of the lyre!

O for one tithe of that supernal light
That lit thy rushing thoughts the while they rose
Out of the darkness of thy life-eclipse!
That I might stem, like thee, the dark unknown,
And sing the mighty secrets of the past.

All things had a beginning: let us then
From the beginning trace our upward way;
Close we our eyes the while on things that are,
That we may realise what may have been
Ere morning stars proclaimed Creation's birth.
Nor need we stumble on our darksome road,
Or wilder'd grope our way amid the gloom
That overhangs the uncreate abyss
From which our beauteous world emerged at first.
Let science—yea, imagination!—fail,
We still have left the everlasting Word
To light us through the gloom and guide our feet.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the Omnipotent.
In awful accents rolling o'er the void
Where Chaos reels on his unsteady throne—
“Let there be light!” Through echoing emptiness
The solemn fiat rings with startling sound;
While o'er the dark abyss shoots suddenly
A shaft of glory, cleaving the thick gloom,
As when of old the wonder-working rod
Of Moses smote the rolling Red Sea wave.
What seemed a shoreless uncreated waste

Assumes the outline of a shadowy sphere;
For in the depths of the chaotic womb,
Ere time began, were hid the living germs
Of order, beauty, and eternal growth.
Now from the amplitudes of desert space
The wandering atoms from their fiery dance
Of anarchy confused have been recalled
Toward the centre, where the elements
Of embryo earth, still gaseous in form,
No longer fugitive, but drawn or driven,
Resign their latent heat, while they combine,
Solidify, and take their proper place
In the vast orb whose form had been outlined
Upon the bosom of the great abyss.
The liberated fires glow more intense—
Red lava billows shoot up through the gloom
Of domeless night, and shower their fiery spray
Athwart the heavy vapours as they roll.
For ages thus our infant world rolled on,
Till her informing fires had done their work,
And o'er the fluid mass had slowly forged
An outer shell of incandescent rock.
This done, the Almighty architect withdrew
His fiery agents from their awful work
Toward the centre, whilst the surplus heat
By gradual radiation far off flew,
Leaving a world of billow rock behind.

And now was heard far o'er the murky heaven
The thunder chariot of Creation's King;
Its steeds, the arrowy lightning, madly leapt
Into the thick of elemental war,
Treading beneath their darting fiery hoofs
Usurping vapours that too long had filled
The throne where beauteous order should have sat.
Meanwhile awoke from the unsteady pole
Boreas from his long eternal sleep,
To circumvent and drive the wandering mists
Back on themselves, as scattered sheep are driven,
In eddying mass, before the bounding dog.

Thus were the watery elements condensed,
From dark mid-air they rushed in cataracts
To seek a level resting-place below,
But found instead a world protuberant
With huge unsightly rocks—not rounded hills,
But pointed, sheer, abrupt, like Teneriffe,
High throned amid the green Canary isles,
Whose summits flamed like beacon-lights, while ridge
Surmounting ridge led up to Alpine heights,
Splintered and riven from summit to the base.
Mountains in ruins, chasms that fiercely glowed,
Warted and blurred the face of our young world;
Till down their flinty sides wild torrents gushed
From the dense cloud that covered like a pall
The rocky skeleton thus incomplete.

The madden'd waters leapt from crag to crag,
And clomb the granite cliffs like beasts of prey,
Tearing huge fragments from the groaning rocks,
Crushing the mountain peaks as would a herd
Of startled buffaloes the prairie reeds.
Huge angular masses thus were polished down
To rounded hills, as precious stones are ground
And fashion'd on the lapidary's wheel;
Their fragments swallowed by the churning waves,
Or pounded by the billows—fury driven—
To comminuted sand, soft loam, or clay,
That sank amid the wheeling vortices
To form fair continents and future lands.
And thus the earth's rude skeleton was flesh'd
And fashion'd by the action of her seas,
While Ocean's sceptre waved from pole to pole.

Thus slowly passed Creation's natal day
Of countless centuries, for, in God's sight,
A thousand æons seem as yesterday.
Another day of Heaven's vast reckoning
Slowly awoke, but with no rosy dawn;
For yet the orient Sun, though high in heaven,
His younger sister, Earth, had not beheld,
Nor, mirror'd in her face, beheld his own;
Only the cloudy world that intervened
In rolling mountain masses, burning bright,

Reflected back the glory of his beams
In hues of amber, crimson, green, and gold.

Then o'er the circumfluent globe arose
The ether firmament, expanding wide,
Lifting its rounded bosom, like a lens
Of crystal, to diffuse the arrowy light
Shot from the cloud-piled fortress of the sun
To rend the mustering banners of the dark,—
Arching the mountains with its splendid dome
Translucent, that the living eye might scan
In outer space the fields illimitable,
Where God's creating hand untiringly
Sows broadcast all His wealth of shining worlds:
A mighty sphere, in which was garner'd up
Material wealth for the development
Of earth and all her coming progeny—
Materials for the glorious pyramid
Whose noble apex Deity hath crown'd!—
Whate'er was needful for the sustenance
Of countless myriads in the march of life.

As floats the embryo bird within the lymph,
Albuminous, from which its life is drawn,
So Earth, afloat in her ethereal sphere,
Is compass'd round with fostering elements—
The dews of morn, the honied summer showers,
The vernal winds that sigh across the mead,

The ardent air that feeds the flame of life,
And gives to flower and fruit the sweets they yield.

From pole to pole magnetic currents swept,
While through earth's myriad veins flash'd suddenly
The mightier currents of electric life,
That, with her own alembic fires combined,
Produced those precious ores and sparkling gems
So prized by sons of men, which, to possess,
Infatuate thousands freely barter heaven! [pleased,

God from His heaven of heavens look'd down well
And as He looked His word pronounced it good;
Down underneath the waves the eye Divine
Beheld accumulations vast of sediment;—
All o'er the globe the process was complete,
Of grinding and abrading down earth's crust;
Anon her central fires shall backward roll
The liquid coverlit from ocean's bed,
And to the light lay bare the buried land—
Vast couch whereon the mystery of life
In all its varied forms shall come to birth.

Again the Almighty Worker walked abroad,
Surveyed the vast subaqueous tract prepared
On which to base the pyramid of life;
The briny deep thrills with expectancy,
With strange emotions throbs the watery womb;

While finer atoms that had floated long—
Held in solution by the restless surge—
Laid hold on by the principle of life,
Unite by wondrous law, and straight assume,
In blended beauty, form, proportion, hue,
With all life's marvellous attributes beside—
Progression, growth, the power to multiply.
Life, in its lowest types, God made at first,
Radiate in form, and simple in design:
Star-fishes multiform, with spreading rays;
The stony encrinites, with jointed stems
And flower-like heads, that, opening fair, displayed
Soft-fringed leaves of every tint and dye,
Finely pervaded with the sense of touch,
By which they sought and found their needful food;
Industrial corals built their thousand isles
Up from the bottom, heedless of the waves
That dashed and trampled them beneath their feet.
Algæ and sea-tang draped the coral rock,
And hung with gorgeous tapestry the caves
Beneath, deep-hollowed by the restless surge,
And carpeted the ocean's level floor
With their dark foliage of dusky fronds.

Nor only zoophytes star'd those buried fields—
Moluscan creatures ope'd their polished shells,
And spread their delicately-woven nets
And ciliated processes in quest

Of nourishment and air, sowing the while
The silver sands beneath with orient pearl;
While o'er the shallows wide crustaceous things,
Uncouth in gait, huge, spider-like in form;
The mailèd trilobite, in form allied
To lobster, shrimp, and pincer-footed crab,
Crept sideling o'er the sands; while, overhead,
The splendid amonite his chamber'd ship
Steer'd proudly 'mid the swift pursuing waves.
Nor need we wonder that Omnipotence
Thus filled our early seas with lower things.
Creatures thus simple only could exist
Upon a world all rock and rolling sea,
Yet none the less their toiling industry;
Each adds its quota to the mighty whole,
Each leaves its little tract of labour done,
Itself the crowning gift, bequeath'd at last
To rear the fabric vast of continents,
Laden with riches for the coming years.

Meanwhile, besides, the fertile waters breed,
In shoals abundantly, the finny tribes,
Of every size and form—not then, as now,
Sheen'd o'er with silvery scales, but, warrior-like,
Arrayed in stubborn mail, shot proof, and arm'd
With jaws of serried teeth and barbèd spines—
Fierce, ravenous creatures, fitted to devour.

The darkness of another age-long night
Hath passed; the Almighty Worker lifts the veil,
And lo! the rosy footsteps of the dawn
Crimson the east, and o'er the brindled sky
The golden glories of the morning weave.
Impassioned Sol, like Jacob long ago,
Long years a waiting wooer, finds at last
His patience crowned by sight of his beloved.
Nor longer threads young Earth the starry maze
Wrapped in the sables of her trailing clouds,
Like some fair penitent or veiled nun,
Her heart consumed by its own vestal fires.
Now, as a bride insphered in floating lace
Arises from the altar where she knelt—
In visioned glory, haloed by love's dreams—
To fling herself, all blushes, smiles, and tears,
Into the open arms of him she loves;
So, gracefully, amid her parting clouds,
Earth rose; her fair round shoulders were the hills;
Nor stark in native nudity, but clothed
Down to the waist in glowing emerald;
While o'er her flowing skirt of azure sea
Ten thousand dimpling isles rose to the light,
Sparkling amid the blue-like orient gems,
While through the lattice of her rifted clouds
She, smiling, recognised bright Sol her lord,
Feeling, the while she basked amid his beams,
Luxuriant life athrob through all her frame.

O'er all the earth a genial warmth diffused
Her humid atmosphere and climate mild,
Obedient to life's all-pervading law,
Produced a vegetation rank in growth—
Colossal trees, with tall unbranching stems;
Some carved with ornate work of arabesque,
Quaint in design and cunningly conceived;
Some shone in vista'd lanes like fluted columns,
The while on high their huge coronas bore
Broad fern-like fronds that rose in waving tufts,
Crowning their columns, woods surmounting woods.
Nor to this hour hath Nature quite forgot
Those quaint delineations of her prime.
In dreary winter when her loom is still,
Expended all her woof of summer flowers,
Her fancy to amuse and pass the time,
She traces on the frosty window pane,
With icy diamond, pointed, cold, and keen,
Trees, flowers, shrubs, leaves, luxuriantly spread
In beauteous, inimitable filligree.
Even yet we trace, with fond admiring eyes,
In miniature their representatives,
In lycopodiums—club-mosses quaint,
Whose creeping stems yet braid our native heaths;
The horsetails, with their curious jointed stems,
That crowd the unwholesome marsh and stagnant pool,
And rustle harshly to the bending breeze;

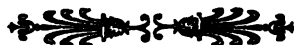
Or dark green ferns, that dearly love the shade
Of the old woods, green lanes, and lichen'd walls,
Or rocks that fend them from the noontide rays,
Where round the mossy spring or village well
They droop their beauteous fronds in graceful curve,
But none so graceful as the lady fern;
Plants that nor beast, nor bird, will deign to taste,
Seemingly useless to the sons of men.
Such were the monarchs of primordial woods,
Not dwarfed as now, but mighty forest trees,
In size gigantic, banner-like their leaves,
That fell in drooping festoons from their tops;
Whose sculptured stems symmetrically rose
Magnificently tall, upright—more beautiful
Than marble pillars that uphold the roofs
And porticoes of regal palaces,—
Than the Alhambras of old Moorish kings,
Or Pantheons in honour of the gods.

Nor since hath nature so prolific been,
So lavish of her vegetable gifts—
The level plain, the long withdrawing vale,
The upland slope, the bleak monotonous waste,
Impervious woods and boundless forests bore
Their jungles intricate, of ranker growth
Than those of tropic Africa or Inde;
Yet, 'mid all this exuberant display
Of vegetable wealth, she could not boast

One flow'ret fair, or fruit with tempting rind—
Not even the tender blade of lowly grass
Rear'd its green point above the leaden soil;
No brilliant colours to relieve the eye,
Nor food the coarsest palate to regale.
And why?

Because there was no human eye
To gaze upon Creation's virgin scenes—
No human soul to drink her glories in,
And quench that thirst that ne'er can be allayed—
To see upon the world's still broad'ning page
The pictured story of Jehovah's love,
And on the glowing hill-tops of his thoughts
Build up a starry monument of praise;
Nor man, nor beast, nor bird, nor creeping thing,
To stir the lusty foliage, or pierce
The curtained gloom that draped from roof to floor
Those green arcades and ghastly solitudes;
Nor voice, nor sound, save where volcanic hills
Rose high above the waving sea of fronds,
Belching on every side far reaching flames;
While down their charred sides red-glowing ran
Broad lava rivers, sweeping from their path
The growth of centuries, as would the scythe
Of husbandman the drooping autumn flowers—
Accompanied by the dread artillery
Of rending rocks and huge exploding stones,

That rocket-like lit up the night-spread heavens;
While, with vast curve, they shaped their fiery course
To quench their glowing ardour in the sea.
These woke grim Silence from his deep repose,
And from deep caverns of umbrageous gloom
Evoked the grumbling echoes in reply;
Or where those strange old forests wall'd the sea,
Like wading giants sporting with the surge,
The pulsing air would bear the sounds of war
Along their serried isles and voiceless shades
From finny monsters of the oozy deep,
That made the waters of the sheltered bay
The dread arena of ferocious strife,
Where furiously they lash the peaceful waves
To stormy madness, as agape they rushed
To the tremendous conflict, while they shook
With their fierce bellowing earth's hollow caves.



APPENDIX.

—:0:—

THE LADDIE'S EXULTATION ON THE FINDING O' HIS WHITTLE (*Page 34.*)

This piece was suggested by Robert Leighton's quaint and beautiful poem—"The Laddie's Lamentation on the loss o' his Whittle,"—A poem which had long been a favourite with me, and which I have often had the pleasure of reading at social gatherings. This poem, through the kind permission of Mrs. Leighton, I now present to the reader, as without it my own kindred attempt would lose much of its interest.

THE LADDIE'S LAMENTATION ON THE LOSS O' HIS WHITTLE.

My Whittle's lost! Yet, I dinna ken:
Lat's ripe—lat's ripe my pouch again.
Na! I hae turn'd ower a' that's in'd,
But deil a Whittle can I find:—
A bit cauk an' a bit red keel—
The clamp I twisted aff my heel—
A bit auld shoe to mak a sling—
A peerie and a peerie string—

The big auld button that I fand
When crossin' through the fallow land—
A bit lead an' a puckle thrums—
An', last o' a', some ait-cake crumbs.

Yet aye I turn them o'er, an' o'er,
Thinkin' I'd been mista'en before ;
An' aye my hand, wi' instinctive ettle,
Gangs to my pouch to seek my Whittle.

I doot it's lost:—hoo, whar, an' whan,
Is mair than I can understan'.
Whether it jaump out o' my pouch
That time I loupit owre the ditch,
Or whether I didna tak it up
Whan I cut a handle for my whup,
Or put it in at the wrang slit,
An' it fell through, doun at my fit.
But mony a gate I've been since then,
Owre hill an' hallow, muir an' fen,—
Outside, inside, butt an' ben:
I doot I'll never see't again!

Made o' the very best o' metal,
I thocht richt muckle o' my Whittle.
It aye cam in to be o' use,
Whether outbye or in the hoose,
For slicin' neeps or whangs o' cheese,
Or cuttin' out my name on trees,
To whyte a stick or cut a string,
To mak' windmills or onything.
Wi' it I was richt whare'er I gaed,
An' a' was wrang whan I didna haed—
I ken na how I'll do withoot it;
An' faith I'm michty ill about it.
I micht as weel live wantin' victual
As try to live without my Whittle.

Yon birkies scamperin' doun the road—
I'd like to join the joysome crowd:
The very air rings wi' their daffin'—
Their rollickin', hallooin', lauchin'.
Flee on my lads, I'll bide my lane,
My heart hings heavy as a stane;
My feet seem tied to ane anither,
I'm clean dung doited a' thegither.
Hear, hoo they rant, an' roar, an rattle:
Like me they hinna lost a Whittle.

It was the only thing o' worth
That I could ca' my ain on earth:
An' aft I wad admeyrin' stand,
Haudin' the Whittle in my hand,
Breathin' upon its sheenin' blade,
To see hoo quick the breath wad fade;
An' weel I kent it wad reveal
The blade to be o' richt guid steel.

Puir Whittle! whar will ye be now?
In wudd, on lea, on hill, in howe?
Lying a' cover'd owre wi' grass?
Or sinkin' doun in some morass?
Or may ye be already fund,
An' in some ither body's hand?
Or will ye lie till, ruistit o'er,
Ye look like dug-up dirks of yore?
When we're a' dead and sound eneuch,
Ye may be turn'd up by the pleuch?
Or fund i' th' middle o' a peat,
And sent to Edinbruch in state;
There to be shown—a wond'rous sicht—
The jocteleg o' Wallace wicht!

Thus, a' the comfort I can bring
Frae thee, thou lost, lamented thing,

Is to believe, that on a board,
Wi' broken spear, and dirk, and sword,
An' shield, an' helm, an' ancient kettle,
May some day lie my rusty Whittle.

—:o:—

The following obituary notice which I sent to the columns of the *Daily Mail* at the time, I would also add, as a heart-felt tribute to his memory:—

Robert Leighton, though for years a resident in Liverpool, was born in Dundee, and was by nature no less than by birth a thorough Scotchman. The illness which terminated in his decease on the 10th of the present month, (May, 1869,) originated in an injury done to the kidneys, caused, it is supposed, by the unmitigated jolting of an Irish jaunting car over bad roads while on a business tour in Ireland, about two years ago. He endeavoured to shake off his growing indisposition by the aid of medical skill, but without success. Thinking that a change of air might have the desired effect, he came down to Glasgow last summer, and took up his abode in the beautiful sea-side village of Ascog in Bute. It was at this time I had the pleasure of a call from him, and I must say that I have never seen the man—not to say poet—whom I was so much disposed to love at first sight as Robert Leighton. His intelligence, his pawky humour, the complete absence of everything like conceit or the assumption of superiority, and above all his growing sympathy and enthusiasm, rendered his company on that occasion a treat which I shall not soon forget, the more so that it was destined to be the last. We had made arrangements to spend a day together at Ascog, but Destiny had arranged otherwise; in a few days after, I received a letter from him intimating that he had grown so much worse that he had been obliged to hasten home to Liverpool. Shortly after this dropsy set in, which ultim-

ately confined him to his bed. His bodily sufferings during the latter part of his illness were great, so great as often to draw tears from sympathising friends; but his own cheerfulness of disposition and genial humour never forsook him. In a letter to me from his bereaved partner intimating the sad event, she informs me that his love of flowers was during his long illness quite a passion. On receiving a sprig of the golden-blossomed whin from his sister in Glasgow, he exclaimed, "Oh, grand! Oh, glorious! Oh, good heavens, the whin! Now I might die happy." As he lived so he died, a pure-minded child of Nature, familiar with her every aspect, and seeing in her the expression of that love which is infinite as it is divine. And now it is no small consolation to those who mourn his loss that his liberated spirit is now realising in full that glorious ideal of which it was his greatest happiness to dream in the intervals of a life of toil and subsequent suffering.

Robert Leighton possessed to the full all the endearing qualities of the poet, without those humiliating weaknesses which so often render the man of genius an object of compassion to his fellow-men. On this account he was beloved by all who knew him, while his poetical productions are no less the delight of thousands who never came under the spell of his presence, but who have the soul to appreciate him through his writings. His Scottish pieces, by which he is best known on this side the Tweed, are, we believe, familiar to thousands who never heard his name, chiefly from the fact that they were at first published anonymously. Who has not been delighted with his "Laddie's Lamentation for the loss of his Whittle," "Scotch Words," or more recently, "The Bapteezment o' the Bairn?" Again, who has not been compelled to laugh at the mirth-provoking story of the mouse and rat, or "John and Tibbie's Dispute," when read by Alexander Simpson or Thomas Goodlet? Such pieces, though he had written nothing else, would have entitled him to high rank among Scottish poets; but in the more stately English his

genius found no less golden utterance, as all may see from the beautiful editions of his poems which have been recently published. (London: G. Routledge & Sons; Edinburgh: J. Menzies).

—:o:—

IMPH-M (*Page 50.*)

My friend, Mr. Andrew Leighton of Liverpool—brother to the deceased poet Robert Leighton—being, as he told me, not altogether satisfied with the ending of the poem; added the following lines; which he invariably includes when he reads it in public:—

But I chap mysel' back, I was vext at the thocht
That oor cunnin' wee totties should set me at nocht,
By the use o' a word that's sae quirky an' queer,
For they mak' it to suit ilka question I spier,

Everlastingly "Imph-m,"

It's sic a ready word "Imph-m,"

Far mair sae than "yes," "yea," or even braid "aye."

Sae as lang as there's use for a wordie ava,
Ye may flyte, ye may flout, it will triumph owre a',
For it assents, it dissents, it queries, it quizzes,
In short ye'll no' fin' sic a wordie as this is;

There's nae word like "Imph-m,"

Ye'll never beat "Imph-m,"

Ye'll ne'er ding oot "Imph-m" whate'er ye may try.

GLOSSARY.

A'. All.
 Abune. Above.
 Aboot. About.
 Ae. One.
 Aff. Off.
 Afore. Before.
 Aft. Off.
 Aften. Often.
 Agley. Off the right line.
 Aiblin. Perhaps.
 Ain. Own.
 Air. Early.
 Airn. Iron.
 Aits. Oats.
 Alane. Alone.
 Amaist. Almost.
 Amang. Among.
 Amen's. Amends.
 An'. And.
 Ance. Once.
 Aneach. Beneath.
 Ane. One.
 Anither. Another.
 Aught. Possession.
 Auld. Old.
 Auldfarran. Sagacious, sly.
 Ava. At all,
 Awa'. Away.
 Awfu'. Awful.
 Awn'. Owing.
 Ba'. Ball.
 Bab. Bunch.
 Bairn. A child.
 Baith. Both.
 Bane. Bone.
 Bannet. Bonnet.
 Barefit. Barefooted.
 Barley bree. Whisky.

Bauld. Bold.
 Bawbee. A halfpenny.
 Ban, A band. To curse.
 Banless. Reckless.
 Bauken. Bat.
 Beek. To shine, to warm.
 Befu'. Befall.
 Beuk. Book, the Bible.
 Ben. Into the parlour, or spence.
 Biel. Shelter.
 Bien. Wealthy, respectable.
 Big. To build.
 Biggin. House.
 Birl. To rise or fall with a quick
 whirling motion.
 Birk. Birch.
 Blate. Bashful.
 Blaw. Blow.
 Blackboids. Fruit of the bramble.
 Bleeze. To blaze.
 Blether. To talk nonsense.
 Blink. To look kindly, to shine by
 fits.
 Blin'. Blind.
 Bluid. Blood.
 Boek. To retch, to vomit.
 Bogle. Spirit, hobgoblin.
 Bonnie. Handsome, beautiful.
 Boo. To bow.
 Bools. Marbles, boulders.
 Bosie. Bosom.
 Bowt. Bent.
 Brae. Hillside.
 Braid. Broad.
 Brak. Brake.
 Braw. Fine, handsome.
 Braws. Fine clothes.
 Braxy. Diseased mutton.
 Breeks. Breeches.

Breeda. Breadth.
 Brig. Bridge.
 Brither. Brother.
 Brocht. Brought.
 Brock. Badger.
 Brod. Board.
 Broo. Brow.
 Broun. Brown.
 Brose. Scalded oat meal.
 Buffa. Lunga.
 Bumbee. Humble bee.
 Burn. Rivulet.
 Burnie. Streamlet.
 Busk. To dress.
 Butt-an'-ben. The kitchen and parlour.
 Byke. Bee-hive.
 Byre. Cowhouse.

Ca'. To call, to drive.
 Caddy. Young fellow.
 Callan. Boy.
 Caller. Fresh.
 Cannie. Gentle, mild.
 Cam'. Came.
 Canker'd, ill-natured.
 Cantie. Merry.
 Canna. Cannot.
 Cap-stane. Cope-stone.
 Carle. An old man.
 Carlin. A stout old woman.
 Cauld. Cold.
 Caulrife. Cold, unkind.
 Chap. Fellow.
 Chiel. Fellow.
 Chitter. To shiver, tremble.
 Chow. Chew.
 Chuckie stanes. Pebbles.
 Clachan. Small village.
 Claes. Clothes.
 Claiith. Cloth.
 Claashin'. Tale-bearing.
 Clatter. Noise, idle talk.
 Claver. To talk nonsense.
 Cleed. Clothie.
 Cleek. Hook.
 Cleg. Gad fly.
 Clouted. Mended.

Cloutie. The devil.
 Cluds. Clouds.
 Coft. Bought.
 Coof. Clown.
 Coom. Coal dust.
 Cout. Colt.
 Couthie. Kind.
 Cosie. Snug.
 Crap. Crop.
 Crow. Crow.
 Crack. To converse.
 Craigie. Rocky.
 Croodle. To sing low, to coo.
 Croon. To hum a tune.
 Croun. Crown.
 Cruisie. Lamp.
 Cuddle. To embrace, to fondle.
 Cushie doo. Cushat dove.
 Cutty. Low stool.

Dad, or Daidie. A father.
 Dae. Do.
 Daffin. Sport, merriment.
 Dan'er. To walk, wander.
 Dang. Drove, overcame.
 Daurna. Dare not.
 Dawd. To thump, a large piece.
 Dawtit. Well beloved, fondled.
 Dearie. Diminutive of dear.
 Dee. To die.
 Deein'. Dying.
 Deil. Devil.
 Dicht. To wipe.
 Dinna. Do not.
 Dementit. Insane.
 Disna. Does not.
 Divot. Sod.
 Dizen. Dozen.
 Dyke. Wall, fence.
 Dochter. Daughter.
 Docken. Dock.
 Dool. Sorrow.
 Doo. Dove.
 Doun. Down.
 Doot. Doubt.
 Doug. Dog.
 Dour. Stubborn.
 Douk. To dip.

Douce. Quiet, well behaved.
 Dowie. Mournful.
 Dubs. Pools.
 Duddy. Ragged.
 Dune. Done.
 Dunt. Thump.
 Dumfoundert. Astounded.
 Drap. Drop.
 Drappie. Diminutive of drap.
 Draigled. Dragged.
 Dragon. Kite.
 Drave. Drove.
 Dree. To suffer, to endure.
 Dreep. To drip.
 Drookit. Drenched.
 Drouth. Thirst.
 Drucken. Drunken.

E'e. The eye.
 Een. The eyes.
 E'en. Evening.
 Eerie. Frightened.
 Eild. Old age.
 En'. End.
 Ettle. To try, intend.

Fa'. Fall.
 Faither. Father.
 Fauld. Fold.
 Farer. Farther.
 Faah. Trouble.
 Fause. False.
 Fearfu'. Fearful.
 Fecht. To fight.
 Feckless. Weak, silly.
 Feck. Most part of.
 Feth. Faith.
 Fend. To defend, to provide.
 Ferlie. A wonder.
 Fiel'. Field.
 Fin'. To find, to feel.
 Fit. Foot.
 Flea. To fly.
 Flair. Floor.
 Flees. Flies.
 Flichter. Flutter.
 Fleg. To chase, to scare.
 Flyte. To scold.

Fou. Drunk.
 Foreby. Besides.
 Fu'. Full.
 Fule. Fool.
 Frae. From.
 Fricht. Fright.
 Frien'. Friend.
 Framert. Strange, not of kin.
 Freets. Omens.
 Fyle. To dirty.
 Fyke. State of anxiety.

Gae. To go.
 Gaed. Went.
 Gaet. Way, road, manner.
 Gair. Careful.
 Gane. Gone.
 Gang. Go, to walk.
 Gar. To make, to force to.
 Gat. Got.
 Gaun. Going.
 Gear. Goods, riches.
 Gie. To give.
 Gin. If.
 Gir. Hoop.
 Glakit. Spoiled.
 Glaur. Mud.
 Gloamin'. Dusk, evening.
 Glint. To peep.
 Glour. To stare.
 Glunah. To frown.
 Gowan. Daisy.
 Gowden. Golden.
 Gowk. The cuckoo, a term of contempt.
 Graf. Wept, shed tears.
 Gree. To agree.
 Greet. To weep, to cry.
 Groat. Fourpence.
 Grue. To shudder.
 Grun'. Ground.
 Gude. God.
 Guid. Good.
 Guidman and Guidwife. Master and Mistress.
 Gyte. Crazy, outrageous.
 Ha'. Hall.

Haddin'. Gathering.
Haa. To have.
Hain. To save.
Hairst. Harvest.
Haivers. Nonsense.
Hallan'. Dwelling.
Hale. Whole.
Halesome. Wholesome.
Hallow. Hollow.
Hame. Home.
Han', haun. Hand.
Hap. An outer garment, to wrap.
Hand. To hold.
Harl. To drag.
Hawa. Fruit of the Hawthorn.
Hicht. Height.
Hielan'. Highland.
Hingin'. Hanging.
Hirple. To limp.
Hizy. Hussey, a young woman.
Hoo. How.
Hoose. House.
Hoast. To cough.
Hotch. Movement of the body under the influence of laughter.
Howe. Hollow.
Howk. To dig.
Hunner. A hundred.
Humplocks. Heaps, hillocks.
Hurdies. The loins.

I'. In.
Ilk, or Ilka. Each, every.
Ingle. Fire, fireplace.
Ither. Other, one another.
Imph-m. Nasal affirmative.

Jaud. Jade.
Jaup. To splash.
Jenny Nettle. *Anglice* "Daddie Long Legs."
Jist. Just.
Joe. A lover.
Jouk. To stoop to hide.

Kail. Colewort, broth.
Kebbock. A cheese.
Keek. To peep, look by stealth.

Ken. To know.
Kent. Known, knew.
Kenna. Know not.
Kenle. Kindle.
Kep. To hinder.
Kimmer. A young woman, a gossip.
Kintra. Country.
Kittle. Difficult, hazardous.
Knowes. Hillocks, knolls.
Kye. Cow.
Kyte. The belly.

Laddie. Boy.
Laigh. Low.
Laith. Loath.
Laithsome. Loathsome.
Laithfu'. Bashful.
Lammie. Lamb, infant.
Lamp. To take long strides.
Lan'. Land.
Lane. Lone.
Lanesome. Lonesome, lonely.
Lang. Long, to weary.
Langayne. Long ago.
Lave. The rest, the remainder.
Laverock. Lark.
Leal. Loyal, true.
Lea. Grass land, to leave.
Lear. Learning,
Lees. Lies.
Leevin'. Living.
Leddies. Ladies.
Leme. A gleam.
Leuch. Did laugh.
Lift. The sky.
Light. Light.
Lichtnin'. Lightning.
Linn. Waterfall.
Lippen. Trust.
Lintie. Linnet.
Loan. Field.
Lo'e. To love.
Loon. A fellow.
Lowe. A flame.
Loupin'. Leapin.
Lown. Calm.
Lowse. To loose.

Lug. The ear.
 Luggie. Wooden dish.
 Lum. Chimney.
 Luve. Love, to love.
 Lyart. Grey.

 Mair. More.
 Maist. Most.
 Maister. Master.
 Mak'. Make.
 Mang. Among.
 Mavis. Thrush.
 Mauken. Hare.
 Maun. Must.
 Maut. Malt.
 Men'. To mend.
 Mensefu'. Good mannered.
 Micht. Might.
 Min'. Mind.
 Minnie. Mother.
 Mirk. Dark.
 Misca'. To abuse, to call names.
 Mistaen. Mistaken.
 Mither. Mother.
 Mony. Many.
 Mou. Mouth.
 Muckle, or Mickie. Great, much.
 Mutches. Caps.

 Nae. No, not any.
 Naething. Nothing.
 Nappy. Ale.
 Nane. None.
 Neb. The bill, nose.
 Neuk. Nook.
 Neist. Next.
 Ne'rday. New-year's day.
 Nieve. The fist.
 Nicher. Neigh.
 Niffer. To exchange.
 Nowt. Cattle.

 O'. Of.
 Ocht. Aught.
 Ony. Any.
 Oot. Out.
 Orra. Extra, that can be spared.
 Oor. Our.

Owre. Over.
 Oxter. The arm-pit.

 Parritch. Porridge.
 Pat. Pot.
 Pawkie. Sly.
 Peenie. Pinafore.
 Pickle. Small quantity.
 Plunk the schule. To play truant.
 Plew. Plough.
 Pow. The head.
 Powhead. Tadpole.
 Pouch. Pocket.
 Pu'. To pull.
 Peeveral. A bit of thin stone or
 slate, used by children at the
 game of pallall.
 Puddock. Frog.
 Puddock-stool. Fungus.
 Puir. Poor.
 Poortith. Poverty.
 Pu'pit. Pulpit.
 Preen. Pin.
 Pree. To taste.

 Rottan. Rat.
 Rantin'. Jovial.
 Randie. Scold.
 Raucle. Stout.
 Raw. A row.
 Raxin'. Stretching.
 Rape. Rope.
 Reek. Smoke.
 Reist. To stand still.
 Reestit. Dried, withered.
 Reel. A dance.
 Richt. Right.
 Rig. A ridge.
 Rin. To run.
 Rive. To tear.
 Roostit. Rusty.
 Rock. Distaff.
 Rockin'. Tea party.
 Roun'. Round.
 Roosed. Praised.
 Roupit. Hoarse.
 Rue. To regret.
 Rung. A cudgel.

- Sab. To sob.
 Sae. So.
 Saff's! or saff us! Save us!
 Sair. Sore.
 Sark. Shirt.
 Sang. Song.
 Sant. Saint.
 Saul. Soul.
 Saut. Salt.
 Sax. Six.
 Scath. To damage, injury,
 Scart. To scratch.
 Scauld. Scold.
 Soone. A cake of bread.
 Screed. To tear.
 Schule. School.
 Scour. To rub, to run.
 Score. A line.
 Scuddies. Fledglings.
 Scunner. To loathe.
 Scurs. Small fresh-water shrimps.
 Sel'. Self.
 Sen'. Send.
 Shachled. Out of shape.
 Shaw. A wood, to show.
 Sheelin'. Cottage.
 Sheugh. A ditch.
 Shinty. A stick crooked at the
 end.
 Shool. A shovel.
 Shoon. Shoes.
 Shilpit. Starved.
 Shuglie. Loose.
 Shouter. Shoulder.
 Sic. Such.
 Sicker. Severe.
 Sin'. Since.
 Simmer. Summer.
 Siller. Silver, money.
 Sinfu'. Sinful.
 Skelpin'. Walking briskly.
 Skip. A hive.
 Skirl. To shriek.
 Skriech. To scream.
 Slae. Sloe.
 Slap. A stile.
 Slee. Sly.
 Slocken. To quench.
 Sma' Small.
 Smiddy. Smithy.
 Snaw. Snow.
 Snell. Keen.
 Snod. Neat, tidy.
 Socht. Sought.
 Sough. The sound of the wind.
 Scoopt. Swept.
 Spak. Spoke.
 Spaen. To wean.
 Spate. A flood.
 Specs. Spectacles.
 Speel. To climb.
 Spen'. To spend.
 Spence. The parlour.
 Spier. To ask.
 Spew. To vomit.
 Stack. Rick of hay or corn.
 Stan'. To stand.
 Stane. Stone.
 Stang. To sting.
 Steek. To shut, a stitch.
 Steerin'. Restless.
 Steer-aboot. A romp.
 Steeve. Firm, determined.
 Sten. To rear.
 Stey. Steep.
 Stook. A shock of corn.
 Stool. A seat.
 Stot. An ox.
 Stour. Dust.
 Stoun, or Stound. To ache, a pang.
 Stovin'. Steaming.
 Strae. Straw.
 Strappin'. Tall and handsome.
 Srtaucht. Straight.
 Stroop. Mouth-piece.
 Stumpit. Cut short.
 Swang. Swung.
 Sweer. Reluctant.
 Sweeties. Confections.
 Swirl. To whirl, to eddy.
 Swither. To waver, to hesitate.
 Syne. Since, then.
 Tae. Too.
 Tak. To take.
 Tap. The top.

Tapselteerie. Topsy turvey.
 Tanga. The tongs.
 Tatties. Potatoes.
 Taupy. Spoiled child.
 Theek. To thatch.
 Thegither. Together.
 Thole. To suffer.
 Thoom. The thumb.
 Thrang. Throng, to be busy.
 Thraw. To quarrel.
 Threshes. Rushes.
 Tift. Quarrel.
 Tine. To lose.
 Tint. Lost.
 Tither. The other.
 'Tisna. 'Tis not.
 Toddle. To walk as a child.
 Toom. Empty.
 Toun. Town.
 Tousie or Towzie. Rough, shaggy.
 Tow. Lint.
 Tumel. To tumble.
 Tweel. At weel, truly.
 Twerna. It were not.
 Tyke. A dog.
 Ugsome. Horrible, unsightly.
 Unco. Strange, great, prodigious.

Wa. A wall.
 Wab. Web.
 Wabster. A weaver.
 Wad. Would.
 Waddin'. Wedding.
 Wadna. Would not.
 Wae. Woo.
 Waefu'. Woeful.
 Walth. Plenty.
 Wame. The belly.
 Wan'er. To wander.
 Warl. World.
 Warsle. Wrestle.
 Wark. Work.
 Warst. Worst.
 Wat. Wet.
 Vaur. Worse.

Wauchle. To walk with difficulty.
 Waucht. A draught.
 Wauken. To awake.
 Wean. A child.
 Wee. Little.
 Weel. Well, welfare.
 Weet. Wet, rain.
 Wha. Who.
 Whalp. Whelp.
 Whase. Whose.
 Whaur. Where.
 Whilk. Which.
 Whins. Furze.
 Whist. Hush! to keep silence.
 Whussle. To whistle.
 Whittle. Knife.
 Wi'. With.
 Wife. Diminutive of wife.
 Wimple. To meander.
 Worrikow. Phantom, goblin.
 Win'. Wind.
 Winna. Will not.
 Winnock. Window.
 Winsome. Handsome.
 Wizen or Weasand. The gullet.
 Withouten. Without.
 Wonner. Wonder.
 Woo'. Wool.
 Woo. To court, to make love to.
 Worl'. The world.
 Wrack. Wreck, ruin.
 Wraith. A ghost, apparition.
 Wrang. Wrong.
 Wrocht. Wrought.
 Wud. Mad, crazy.
 Wuds. Woods.
 Wyte. Blame, to blame.

Yard. Garden.
 Yett. Gate.
 Yill. Ale.
 Yird. Earth.
 Yirth. Earth.
 Younkers. Children.
 Youf. To bark, to whine.
 Yowl. To howl as a dog.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Daily Mail.

Along with a vivid fancy and warm imagination, Nicholson possesses a rare fund of humour, sometimes bordering on the comic. The story of the tailor who cut down his own black coat into a pair of gaiters, believing it to be one made by a rival tradesman to the farmer for whom he was "whipping the cat," the conversation of the "Clock and the Bellows," and "Oor Wee Kate," are evidences.

From the Montrose Standard.

Supposing "Kilwuddie" had been ushered into the world without a single introduction but its own sonsy face, it would have easily won its way into public favour. We say this without reservation; for after careful perusal, repeated again and again, we hesitate not to say that, since the days of Burns and Macneil, no one has so well caught, and so forcibly expressed, the subtle homely pathos of lowly domestic life, as has the author of "Kilwuddie, and other Poems."

From the National Magazine.

In England, the name of the author of "Kilwuddie, and other Poems," is scarcely known, even to the reading public; while that of many an inferior poet is hailed with acclamations by the heedless crowd, who mistake the jingle of the rhymster's verses for the soft and exquisite music of the true poet: yet James Nicholson is a singer of whom the land of Burns may well feel proud. If he cannot aspire to the dignity of the foremost rank amongst the celebrities who adorn Scotia's poetic sphere, he certainly occupies no mean position amongst the minor poets, of whom Hogg, Tannahill, Motherwell, and others, are instances. Like most of our "wayside poets," Nicholson has had to fight his way in the world, and battle against difficulties which would have quenched the ardour of a less resolute spirit. . . . There is much of pathetic tenderness, commingled at times with touches of genuine humour, in the earlier portion of Kilwuddie; but when the poet proceeds to describe the national vice of his countrymen, he becomes sternly eloquent, uniting the unyielding force of Elliot with the almost dramatic power of Crabbe. . . . "Imph-m" is worthy of Burns. Had Nicholson penned nothing but this, it would have entitled him to a place amongst our humorous poets. It is such a poem as Goldsmith would have loved to read, and which, had Douglas Jerrold been alive would have obtained a larger share of public notice for the writer. . . . James Nicholson is one of those to whom is given a glorious mission, and the spirit of his verses prove that it will not be sacrificed by him on the altar of popular prejudice. Pure and simple in his style, truthful and eloquent in his language, and earnest in his thoughts—he is a true poet of the people, one whose utterances must sooner or later sink into their hearts and teach them to bless his memory. May he yet live many, many years, to labour with his pen in the good cause of attempting to rescue his fellow-countrymen from the shame and degradation with which they have been so long afflicted, and which has rendered thousands of them utter strangers to temperance, religion, and God.

From the Elgin and Morayshire Courier.

James Nicholson is one of those few poets from whose lips the Doric flows with much of the sweetness, and a great deal of the force, which characterised the language in the days of Burns. He is well known in Glasgow and in the West of Scotland by two singularly vigorous poems—"Willie Waugh," and "Kilwuddie," and by a number of miscellaneous poems and lyrics, clear in execution, and full of rare poetic feeling.

From the Ayrshire Express.

Pawky humour, that quality so largely developed in the Scottish character, and particularly so in the genuine Scottish minstrel, is possessed in no stinted measure by Nicholson.

From the Scotsman.

From an introductory notice by the Rev. Alexander Macleod, Glasgow, we learn that Mr. Nicholson—who is, by-the-by, a native of Edinburgh—is another of the many examples of which Scotland can boast, of literary talent quietly asserting itself in the face of apparently insuperable obstacles. In the lowliness of his birth, in the struggles and disadvantages of his youth, in the persevering and independent spirit with which he overcame all adverse circumstances, and in the excellent use he has made of his opportunities and talents, James Nicholson is entitled to be henceforth honourably named with the Nicols, the Bethunes, and other humble sons of genius of whom Scotland has such just reason to be proud.

From the Ayr Observer.

The verse is harmonious, the story itself is in its main features only too true to life, and the descriptions both of men and scenes are characteristic and happy. In "The Clock and Bellows," Mr. Nicholson shows a very considerable amount of pawky Scottish humour, which sometimes becomes very rich. Perhaps, however, more true poetic genius is shown by him in the minor poems and sketches. There is an excellent lyrical faculty in him, which with cultivation may achieve something better than Mr. Nicholson has yet produced.

From the British Quarterly.

The touch of genius is upon every page of this little book ["Father Fernie"]. It is difficult to say whether the charm of the story, the poems, or the botanical conversations is the greatest. James Nicholson is one of the peasant poets of Scotland, entitled to sing with the best of her minor minstrels. An exquisite fancy, a rich imagination, a quaint humour, and a tenderness as manly as it is touching give a magic to his pen. Of the poems, "Child Margery," and "Wee Jeanie," are the fullest of beauty and pathos. The short sketch of "Father Fernie" is marked by simplicity and genius. The botanical dialogues are inlaid with anecdotes, verses and moralisings, which give a great charm to their lessons. It is not often that elementary science is clothed in such an attractive garb.

Hay Nisbet, Printer, Trongate, Glasgow.



